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A Modern Synthesis II, by Lewis Mumford, on page 1028

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Alas, the Poor 'Twenties!

IT was refreshing to read Mr. Cabell's discharge of irony in a recent number of "Books." The Despair over the Nineteen Twenties has been too much for even his guarded reserve. Exchanging a sarcastic handshake with the discontented, he admits (with an eye cocked maliciously at the present) that were no Miltons, no Swifts, not even a Sophocles in that decade of the damned. Only a score of American writers concerned with what seemed to them reality. Only a dozen or so American novelists who dared to write with excessive individuality in the period when Mr. Lewis's Babbitt was standardizing American life. And Babbitt—a synthesis and crystallization of the period himself!

It is a good defense, to which more might have been added, if Mr. Cabell had stretched his modesty and compared his own satiric subtlety or Miss Cather's vigorous beauty, or Mr. Tarkington's surprising renascence, or for that matter the virile realistic poetry of the decade, with the sentimental romance written in diluted Henry Esmond, or the sappy lyrics, of the early nineteen hundreds in the United States. The nineteen twenties were certainly not a paradise for the arts, but in their rank growth there were sturdy herbs among the industrial weeds. It was very definitely an age of fiction, how good we may leave to another generation to say; certainly not the highest art (fiction seldom is), certainly considerable as literature, and very expressive of the life of the decade. "Babbitt," "Jurgen," "Death Comes for the Archbishop," "Alice Adams," "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," "The Age of Innocence," "A Farewell to Arms," "An American Tragedy"—surely this is a shelf worth writing about—and the list is readily extensible.

But Mr. Cabell has been too easily annoyed. What has aroused him is not a new dispensation in criticism, and certainly not an outpouring of new works that challenge the best of his decade. The disturbance has a simpler cause. It is only an escape of Divine Discontent from the universities where, as we all know, it smouldered throughout the first decades of the century (didn't they once teach it at Harvard?), an escape into the professional life outside. The new critics belonging to the movement are in a mood of disparagement (as university critics used to be especially in late New England springs). They are fed up with a number of things, some of them in essence highly contradictory. They feel (and we must all agree) that it is time to recognize the deflation of a good many ideas that were good collateral at any intellectual bank ten years ago. They wish to free realism from its unliterary subservience to what has been regarded (by literary people) as science. They wish to set literature in direct opposition to the standardizing influences of the day, among which they list the book clubs; and as the book clubs keep recommending their books, they ought to succeed. They are clearly groping for a new philosophy which is purged of post-war pique and yet free of pre-war optimism. Good luck to them. Furthermore, they are rapidly educating themselves in those extensions of knowledge beyond esthetics which react so powerfully upon the body of literature, and sometimes on its soul. In this they are swinging to Newton's view, who held that as natural philosophy broadened and deepened moral philosophy would have to extend also. And these younger critics and scholars are not falling into the error of the nineteenth century, which took over its biology into literary criticism without a change in words. They realize that the chief value of knowledge for criticism is the growing power to discriminate.

The divine discontent is healthy enough. It does not mean that we are on the eve of a new era in

(*Continued on page* 1025)

Historical Epitaphs

By ALLEN TATE

ON THE MARTYR OF HARPER'S FERRY

JOHN BROWN of Ossawatomie
Who died to set Abstraction free
Stole Washington's gold-handled sword
Less for the gold than for the Lord;
Perhaps it would not much amuse
The General, could he hear the news.

ON THE FOUNDER OF THE INDUSTRIAL SYSTEM

In Massachusetts, town of Slatersville,
Old Samuel Slater, builder of Slater's Mill,
Owned a few score of men but not a slave:
Better than negroes the well-fed heroic wave
(Its echoes crashing in Atlanta still)
Crashed against Lee at the foot of Malvern Hill.

ON THE SAGE OF MONTICELLO

Jefferson had many charms;
Was democratic; still—and yet
What should one do? The family arms
On coach and spoon he wisely set
Against historical alarms,
For quality not being loath
Nor quantity, nor the fame of both.

This Week

"Toward Civilization."
Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES.

Trotsky's Life.
Reviewed by BARTLET BREBNER.

"Mata Hari" and "Espionage."
Reviewed by COL. HAMILTON J. SMITH.

"Stendhal or the Life of an Egoist."
Reviewed by ROBERT VIGNERON.

Theatre Guild Plays.
Reviewed by JANE DRANSFIELD.

"The Frail Warrior."
Reviewed by WILL H. LOW.

"Audacious Audubon."
Reviewed by HARRY ESTY DOUNCE.

"The Stricken Deer."
Reviewed by CHARLES G. OSGOOD.

The Bowling Green.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

A Letter from France (Concluded).
By ABEL CHEVALLEY.

Next Week

"The 'Twenties in Music."
By B. H. HAGGIN.

Culture

By ARTHUR COLTON

CULTURE is one of those radiating words that throw their beams like a good deed in a naughty world. But it does not shine evenly from a bright center to a dim circumference. Its meanings are, so to speak, bunched. Our Government Topographic Maps are printed in three colors, of which blue denotes water, brown elevation, and black "culture," that is, roads, bridges, houses, and whatever represents humanity, its foresight and effort. The German *Kultur* is the whole phenomenon of a grouped and blended society. Our *Kulturgeschichte*, our histories of culture or of civilization usually begin with the chipped flint or sharpened stick. Civilization is an urban word and culture one that memorializes the peasant's ploughshare splitting the wild sod; but neither of them is a tight little yea-forsooth precisian of a word. Neither are they synonymous words, but they overlap and overreach each other. The pallbearers of Browning's Grammarian sought sepulture for their master, famous, calm and dead, at the summit of

> a tall mountain citied to the top,
> Crowded with culture.

Which is a picture from Italian mountain sides that go up, vineyard and villa, village and tillage, every foot humanized, and a walled city sitting on the height.

But culture to most of us ordinarily means the city on the height, not the thorpes and crofts, the herds and crops, of the unlettered plain, not the whole tree, roots, trunk, bark and branch, fruit and flower, but rather exclusively the flower, possibly the fruit. Mr. Powys* quite decisively includes the fruit. He sometimes seems to mean almost the whole thing, sometimes distinctly does not. His meaning of culture has some peculiar expansions. It is not bookish, or esthetic, or identical with education. It is rather that which remains when we have forgotten all that we are supposed to have learned, not what we know but what we are; a something discernible even in Doughty's tricky and ignorant Arabs, in their dignity and breeding, their immemorial ritual of life stripped to its naked essentials. He endeavors to find in the instinctive and rationalized habits of human culture "a sort of working substitute for the simpler religious faith of the past. . . ." "The meaning of culture is nothing less than the conduct of life itself, fortified, thickened, made more crafty and subtle, by contact with books and art." And again: "Animals and even birds and fishes have a continuity of accumulated habits which answers to the sort of culture I am trying to define in this book." It is not quite *Kultur*, but its chief boundary is that he is interested only in personal culture, not in the cultural phenomena of groups and races. Otherwise his meaning of culture is so inclusive as to be somewhat heterogeneous. He might have started from the other end with a conception of the good life, all that is possible and best in humanity harmoniously blended in ideal personality, and for good, ideal, harmonious and the rest have substituted "cultured." Such a life may be said to have in it "a working substitute for the simpler religious faith of the past" as having its own ecstasies and contentment, its instincts satisfied and happiness secured. But I am inclined to think that the argu-

* THE MEANING OF CULTURE. By JOHN COWPER POWYS. New York: The W. W. Norton Co. 1929. $3.00.

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ment might have been more effective had the definition been less inclusive and more homogeneous.

The forward and thinking part of humanity is recurrently between the horns of a dilemma. The formulas of every ecstatic and implicit faith breaks down eventually before the mass pressure of increasing knowledge. When to think and to believe have become impossible and the thinker turns single-eyed to the prospect before him, it is sooner or later to find that the high-minded path he follows leads to a desert of dry bones. Or better let us say that, though he endeavors to follow it with his whole soul, his whole soul does not follow. There is a *tertium quid* with wistful eyes that will not keep fixed on the path, and continually desires things that cannot be known. "As the hart panteth after the waterbrooks so panteth my soul after thee, O God." So long as the last word has a definite and substantial content, the longing has an object and the race a goal; but when it is only a name for the unknown, for some hypothesis or aspiration, it is as though the hart's only evidence of the existence in nature of waterbrooks were his thirst; and whether or not that is a proof he does not exactly know. In ages like our own or Cicero's the councillors reply to those wistful eyes and inquiries: "If you ask what cannot be known, we cannot answer. But if you ask in what way to guide your soul, we can tell you what we think about that." They answer with cultural substitutes for religion, with methods of self-discipline, that lead to reconciliation with, or resignation to, or perhaps only palliation of, the human dilemma—uncertainty, mortality, the oppression of the dark backward and forward of time. The drama of the universe may be a divine comedy, but the drama of persons has the tragic note. Nature, which is careful of the type, but careless of the component items, has carelessly created items which care desperately for items. Mr. E. A. Robinson's "Man Against the Sky" is a symbol, drawn with singular power, of the personal man as he looks to the unreconciled. Undoubtedly a reconciliation with reality can be, and often is, achieved and the individual problem provisionally solved by methods of culture or dicipline, or in very simple ways by more simple-minded people. But however often the questions are answered, they are asked again, and remain. The climbing sorrow will not permanently down which rises from a permanent anomaly. The old faith attacked the anomaly itself, but its success was coincident with and dependant on its unabated vigor. The methods of discipline and culture are methods of making the best of it, of making friends with the anomaly of the individual insisting on itself in a universe which seems to be perfectly indifferent to individuals. But it is said that the supreme expression of the religious consciousness is a renunciation of the limits of this individuality, that the anomaly disappears and the great peace returns when the item, absorbed in a larger interest, has ceased to insist on itself.

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Jane Harrison, in her "Ancient Art and Ritual," remarks that ritual passes into art when a part of the dancers become spectators. Art is unpractical in the sense that it is "cut loose from immediate action," an interest released from personal anxiety. A ritual was originally a practical achievement, of a piece of work done by the whole community for its prosperity or safety. But as the sense of its efficacy weakened, the mass of the community became audience, watching, thinking, feeling, but not doing, and the Dionysiac ritual, still charged with emotion, glided gradually—at Athens rather rapidly—into Greek drama. "To see a thing, to feel a thing as a work of art, we must become for the time being loosed from the fear and flurry of actual living, must become spectators." Sight and hearing are the two channels of art, because they are distant senses. Touch and taste are too intimate, too immediately vital.

To keep the meaning of culture within somewhat narrower limits than Mr. Powys, it seems to be related to the spectacle of art, rather than to the life of action and purpose. Like drama, it goes with a certain sitting apart, with seeing, thinking, feeling, and loosed from the fear and flurry of actual participation. Culture may be an advantage or a disadvantage to a successful career. It may be a stimulant or an anodyne. The ages past and their works remaining are of interest to it as a spectacle for contemplation or for inference. Everyone is a better man for being familiar with the back reaches of time, but it is a personal salvation, and we are confining it to the anodyne.

Culture to a man of books is to be at home with ideas, to have friends and acquaintances up and down the ages. Reading is living as truly as to converse or do business is living, but it is a peculiar kind of living. It has the convenience of being within one's selection and control. It is easy to make it a high grade of living, whereas a high grade of living in the outer world is hard to attain. Newspapers and the average conversation of acquaintances are usually about the same grade, but everyone can have every day such reading as he can hardly equal in conversation once a year, or lifetime. And there is the practical advantage that it can make old age pleasanter than old age used to be. In primitive societies, when the interests of the bodily activities waned, there were few interests that did not wane with them. Even Cicero, who wrote on the consolations of old age and had all the culture of his age at his command, who was wealthy and famous and whose friend, Atticus, was a publisher as publishing went in those days—even his resources seem curiously limited and his books were few. It was more difficult then than now to fill the long hours in the elders' seat with occupation and content. Culture of some sort is now practicable for almost anyone. Public libraries are the resource of the disconsolate and the disinherited. "There must be," says Mr. Powys, "little local Carnegie Libraries all over the United States full of bad mixers, odd fish, misfits, queer ones of every wounded sort of wing, who are taking refuge there in regions totally unknown to their neighbors, into which no exacting employer, no debased public opinion, can ever pursue them. The world of books is the Grand Alsatia to which all the hunted ones of the herded tribes of men can flee away and be at rest." It can be called then a working substitute for religion at least in these respects: it is an enlargement of the inner life, and a refuge from the outer; there the despised and rejected find acceptance, the storm-driven a shelter and some share of peace; there old men find that envious and calumniating time has lost its virulence and the friends of their youth have not changed; finally, for everyone it is an escape from himself.

* * *

The supreme expression of the religious consciousness is said to be a renunciation of the limits of the individuality. "In His will is our peace." The finite finds a home in the infinite, or at least in the impersonal. And in culture, in the absorption in any art, plastic or musical or the written thoughts of men, there is a large element of this impersonality. Thought and feeling are awake, but the will is asleep, or surrendered to a guidance not our own. The cry of the individual to the artist is, "Take me out of myself," and he does it. The place into which he takes him does seem to have certain characteristics of the Celestial City. All the tragedies there are steeped in its peace. It is human, but the fear and the flurry are gone, and the importunate "myself" has ceased from troubling.

The Will for the Deed

TOWARD CIVILIZATION. Edited by CHARLES A. BEARD. New York: Longmans, Green and Co. 1930. $3.

Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

REDUCED to its simplest terms, the dilemma of American civilization is something like this: We have invented machines which make more things faster than ever before. Since these things have to be disposed of, we must lure people into buying them while at the same time our desire for profit leads us to invent new machines, the result being that more and more people, deprived of employment, must be withdrawn from the buying class. We then invent new methods of exerting pressure to buy and of finding ways to make buying possible, one such being the reduction of costs by the invention of new machines. The circle being then complete, the vicious logic continues.

Some, it is true, envision a goal. To put it crudely, where one man worked profitably ten hours, they imagine it will be possible to employ two men for five hours, it being stipulated that their wages shall be high enough to allow them and their families to buy the products of the machines. And eventually all work will be accomplished in a four or five-hour day. But it also appears that most business leaders are not interested in this solution; in the meantime unemployment continues (or increases), goods accumulate, and the vast parasitic activities of advertising and salesmanship exhibit a convulsive and aimless life. Viewing the system as a whole, the spectator has a sense of motion without progress.

If the business mind then fails us, is there hope of the engineering mind? That mind has two advantages. It is scientifically trained—that is, it is objective and impersonal; and it is practical—that is, accustomed to manipulate large forces confidently towards socially desirable ends through the devices of accurate measurement. Why not turn the whole problem over to the engineers?

What would happen? Mr. Charles A. Beard gives us a glimpse of the possible results in "Toward Civilization," an anthology of essays by fifteen engineering minds, together with two contributions by the editor. Mr. Beard believes that these authors "offer a humanism of science and engineering that has multiplied the powers of mankind to deal intelligently with human affairs." Granted the powers, what of their use? The general impression the volume leaves with me is that of fifteen minds groping about in worlds not realized.

Possibly the engineering mind does not here appear to advantage because the medium of words is not its usual medium. Certainly, so far as going toward civilization is concerned, the essays seem to me mostly aimless. The two by R. E. Flanders and R. A. Millikan simply recite the familiar tale of scientientific advance. The chapters on invention, transportation, communication, and "engineering in government" are superficial. Mr. Pupin is merely pleasant, and Mr. Wickenden on education is vague. These authors do not seem to envisage the social problem.

There is of course better stuff in the book. More notable chapters are those on industry and management (D. S. Kimball), work and leisure (Lillian Gilbreth), and spirit and culture under the machine (H. N. Davis). The two chapters on the arts are hopeful, if not helpful. But unfortunately even in this second group of chapters the discussion is mainly retrospective and general. To this rule, however, T. D. Campbell's essay on the possibilities of scientific management in agriculture is a notable exception. He has written the most promising and vigorous part of the book.

It is doubtless true, as Mr. Beard remarks, that "it is difficult to discover any value ardently desired by the critics of machine civilization which these engineers and scientists do not likewise desire." The pressing problem, however, is how, given the situation, to attain the values. Most of these authors (to judge by their essays) are living in a world without politics, without social problems, without an intricate economic system. Hence their social and economic thinking is hopelessly naive.

Until such time as we can add to the already over-burdened technological preparation of the engineer a thorough and realistic training in social, political, and economic truths, the great gap between the technologists of the machine age and the actual managers of the industrial system must continue. It does not appear from this volume that the engineering mind is even as far along the road of social analysis as are the critics whom the volume is designed to combat. If leadership is to come from the engineering world, it will be a leadership based upon a broader structure of social information than here appears.

The death has been announced from New Haven of Charles A. Bennett, professor of philosophy in Yale University. Mr. Bennett, Irish by birth, educated at Oxford and at Yale, was one of the most brilliant of the younger philosophical thinkers in this country. His studies in mysticism, and his recent papers and Lowell lectures on religion, preliminary to a book nearly completed, were acute and original. He was a teacher of great influence, and in conversation and in his letters one of the wittiest and most charming men of the day. His extraordinary intellectual energy overflowed into satiric humor which, with more serious contribution to scholarly criticism, has often appeared in the columns of this *Review*. Ill health had deferred the full achievement of his unusual powers, but he lived long enough to make his mark wherever his writings or his friendships extended. In a rather drab decade of academic life his personality was outstanding, and indeed there was no circle, however supple and brilliant, or in whatever time, in which he would not have been welcome and at home.

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The Disinherited

MY LIFE. By LEON TROTSKY. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1930. $5.

Reviewed by BARTLET BREBNER
Columbia University

ONE day in the summer of 1927, just when the baiting of Trotsky was at its height, I was talking about the affair with a member of the ruling (Stalinite) faction in the Communist Party. A group of us had just had an exciting three hours with Trotsky and a six-hour colloquy in communist correctness with Stalin. It was impossible to get either of the protagonists or any ambitious Party member to talk with a foreigner about the differences which had arisen and which were rending apart the professionally unanimous Communist Party. Finally, after a lot of fencing, my companion relented and, in a pseudo-confidential way, dismissed the whole matter by saying "Comrade Trotsky belongs behind the barricades in Warsaw, leading the Polish revolution." Like all short commitments on the subject of Trotsky that summer, the statement was regretted at once. It credited the villain of the piece with orthodoxy in the important matter of world revolution, it made him a leader, and it recalled his partnership with Lenin in 1917. It seemed convenient at the moment to forget it.

Now this "attempt at an autobiography" recalls it instantly to mind, for this is, in a vivid and almost completely successful way, the story of a really great revolutionary—the only Russian one whose name was properly and automatically coupled with that of Lenin. Moreover it reveals the secret of leadership in revolution not quite so obviously, but just as certainly, as will the perusal of any considerable body of Lenin's revolutionary pronouncements. Both these men possessed to a marked degree very swift power of revolutionary decision, and decision which in sum total revealed much greater consistency than would normally be expected. It was as if each possessed a vial of some universal reagent which, when applied to a problem, gave them an instant and correct revolutionary formula. Trotsky himself, looking back at the "whirlpool" of 1917-1920, is somewhat amazed and remarks "I can't help noting here that those decisions came to me quite obviously." The explanation, of course, is that both men had before 1917 tested for themselves all the varieties of Russian revolutionary doctrine, they had taken leading parts in the abortive medley of Russian revolution in 1905, and, most important, they had, sometimes in co-operation, but often in opposition or independently, laboriously distilled for themselves almost the same concentrated revolutionary essence out of the writings of Karl Marx. As Trotsky says, he opposed "all that is ideologically without form and theoretically ungeneralized." In consequence he sows his pages with assured generalizations very like the ones he used so successfully in 1917. "Revolution appears to a conservative as collective madness only because it raises the 'normal' insanity of social contradictions to the highest possible tension." "Revolution is the inspired frenzy of history."

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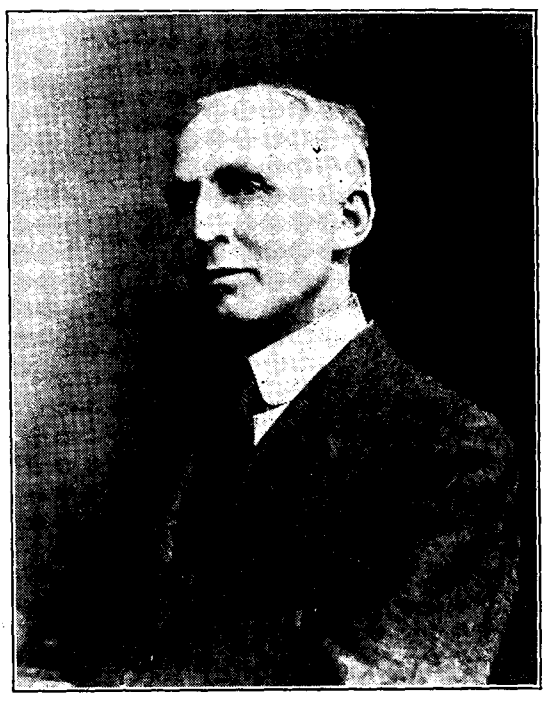
Yet his book is not an essay in revolutionary theory. He has written of that elsewhere and plans to write more. Here he composes, better than most novelists, the story of fifty years of adventure. The first hundred pages, which tell of boyhood among the Jewish farmers of the high, dry steppe above Kherson, of school life in cosmopolitan, gay Odessa, and of boyish revolutionary activity along the Black Sea coast, have a lilt and a lucidity that are highly enviable. His conversion to revolution was as gradual and inevitable as another youngster's stiffening resolution to run away to sea. He found in it all that he craved, a richly satisfying career, full of adventure and travel and broad education in books and men. He was drawn into it by a strong feeling for the under-dogs of Tsarist Russia. Wherever this book is narrative unclouded by controversy it makes witty and interesting reading. Most notably, his journeyings (at the request of the police) during the war are well described, culminating as they did in a short residence in New York. Trotsky writes (perhaps calculatingly) a little wistfully of New York. It is for him "the foundry in which the fate of man is to be forged" and while he waits to be caught up again in the "permanent revolution," he would like to come back to watch the forging. His younger son, who once rose from a bed of sickness at 164th Street in the Bronx to walk till he found out whether there really was a First Street "still remembers the telephone number of our New York apartment." Another vivid section is that which describes how Trotsky, a Jew, successfully restored the fighting spirit of the anti-Semitic Russian armies and drove back on more than a dozen separate fronts the forces which had reduced Bolshevik Russia to the area of the old principality of Moscow. He used any human materials at hand, former officers and soldiers, boys and peasants, with a very small stiffening of Communists, and he won out again by swift, assured decision. As he writes of those bloody times, he does not introduce much of the horrible or prolong excitement. Like the rest of us, Trotsky seems to have a way of forgetting horrors and remembering satisfactions. And he was the victor. One must turn to the memoirs of the Whites for the misery of both the vanquished and their opponents.

Successful as this book of self-revelation appears to be, it remains a question whether it can make a Bolshevik leader any more credible a being to the American citizen than a racketeer's confession can make a New York gunman credible to an English



CHARLES A. BEARD
Editor of "Toward Civilization"

hunting squire. The difficulty is increased when one comes to the 1917 revolution itself and to the subsequent Party and personal differences which culminated in Trotsky's expulsion. Here the most important thing in the world to Trotsky is at stake—his professional reputation. In consequence the student of history and particularly of revolutionary history will be grateful for the explicit replies to the Stalinite criticism, and even the ordinary reader will have become unconsciously aware of how important Trotsky's revolutionary orthodoxy was and is, but it cannot be denied that the narrative suffers. Even when the account of 1917-1929 is arbitrarily purged of its self-justifications, the revolution does not entirely come alive. Of course our accounts of revolution, like most of our accounts of war, are abbreviated and dramatized, when as a matter of fact both activities between crises contain far more sheer waiting and painful inaction than drama. Trotsky's revolutionary career had in it much more vivid action than Lenin's and yet, because of the thinking, reading, argument, and theoretical experimentation that went on in the intervals, the reader is apt to come away with a disconnected and unsatisfying picture of how this interesting human being made a revolution. If questioned, Trotsky would probably reply with a shrug that instead he *was made by it,* for he achieves an interesting detachment towards the world forces which he thinks are constituting a continuous revolution. It is as if he were a meteorologist of revolution who located storms for the purpose of experiencing them. This makes him philosophical even about his exile, bitterly as he assails those who dislodged him. In his villa at Constantinople he uses his enforced leisure to write all that he can remember and to issue his meteorological reports on world revolution. He is sure he is right. "Even the professors of history will understand it, though only after many years."

"Hoosier," variously spelled, was previously used in parts of the Southern states in the sense of a green, gawky and uncouth countryman or backwoodsman, says the *Mid-West Review,* and it was first applied in ridicule to the early settlers of Southern Indiana. The earliest recorded use of the nickname occurs in John Finley's poem entitled "The Hoosier's Nest."

Suppose in riding somewhere West
A stranger found a "Hoosher's" nest. . . .

The Melodrama of War

MATA HARI: COURTESAN AND SPY. By MAJOR THOMAS COULSON. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1930. $3.

ESPIONAGE. By H. R. BERNDORFF. Translated by BERNARD MIALL. New York: D. Appleton and Company. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by HAMILTON J. SMITH,
Lieut. Col., M. I.—Reserve

MATA HARI was the most dramatic secret agent of recent times. She was the mistress of generals and princes. The Chief of Berlin Police, who became the German Minister of Foreign Affairs, was her lover; so was the French Minister of War, who controlled the mobilization of troops. She sent 50,000 Frenchmen to their death. The failure of the Champagne offensive is laid to her spy activities. She was shot before a firing squad on October 15, 1917. The details of that spectacle are still vivid in the minds of many.

Anyone interested in the alluring subject of espionage will find thrills in "Mata Hari," which quickly became a best-seller, and in "Espionage," which should be another. They are exciting books even for the phlegmatic.

Both books deal with espionage, and while Major Coulson confines his story to Mata Hari alone, Herr Berndorff relates the adventures of many sensational "master-spies." Major Coulson's knowledge of espionage was obtained while he was a British Intelligence Officer in England and abroad. It is based upon his personal experience and upon accounts given him by officers assigned to similar confidential service. Herr Berndorff is a former German artillery officer who was wounded at Verdun. He was ordered into the Secret Service, and subsequently made ordinance officer on the staff of the Crown Prince. His acquaintance in the Intelligence Service was wide; he was intimate with the "chiefs." There should be considerable authority behind the statements of both writers.

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Major Coulson's book upon first sight appears to be sensational. Its jacket, emphasizing this, belies the author's more sincere purpose. He has attempted to write a convincing, accurate biography based on the most reliable confidential accounts, and upon the most complete canon of published fact. He has unquestionably given the most logical and reasonable story of Mata Hari that has appeared. At times his caution amounts to pedantry; his story could often be more dramatically written without losing authority. One must be familiar with the blatant accounts of previous biographers to appreciate the reason for this self-imposed restraint. While one admires his scholarly insistence upon facts, I doubt whether some less accurate descriptions of Mata Hari are not truer pictures of her character. Disgust at her vocation and at her morals blinded the English officer to the fascination of the woman who broke down the stability of many of the most prominent men in Europe. He does not ever say that he met her, and this may partly account for his inadequacy in explaining her "mysterious appeal." On the contrary, he seems to delight in her failures, and uses them to excuse a digression about the general stupidity of German "Intelligence."

In the first chapter of "Espionage" Herr Berndorff discusses the international system of spies at the outbreak of the war. Paradoxically he agrees with Major Coulson about the inefficiency of the German Secret Service. He does not, however, admit stupidity. He explains that Germany, incapable of practicing or of understanding duplicity, and ignorant of the established world-wide espionage of England, France, and Russia, was, because of her ignorance, unable adequately to cope with the sophistication of her enemies. It would be unfair not to state here that after this first chapter there is no more of this absurd thesis.

The chapters which follow tell the most exciting spy stories that I have read. "The reason why there is such a general interest in espionage," Berndorff says, "why it is regarded as a romantic subject, is to be found in the individual exploits of those spies. These pages record those exploits." Berndorff in contrast with the reserve which characterizes Major Coulson's style, loses no opportunity to draw from his subject all of the romance which it actually contains. He is a journalist and he knows where to point his interest. He understands how to appeal to the reader with specific detail which describes each "case," and to satisfy his curiosity about the emo-

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tional experiences, as well as the personal methods involved in spying. He tells how an enemy agent learned that a policeman had attempted to commit theft, and forced him into slavish service against his country; he gives the story of Colonel Redl, Chief of Austrian Secret Service, who was compelled to betray his country to Russia because his perverted sexual offenses became known to the enemy; he gives the story of the "ideal spy," whose intellect saved him when he was trapped in a "perfect crime." Most thrilling of all is his account of the "Lady Doctor" whose identity is the most mysterious and the most contested of spy problems. Here I feel I should conform to the rules of the Crime Club, whose members never tell. I should be "telling" if I divulged her identity, or if I related more of her adventures.

Spy stories, are, at best, fiction rather than fact. Biographers of spies can only do their best. I am reviewing the stories of two biographers who have made every effort to arrive at facts; but, after all, no spy had his Boswell. Therefore, I do not pretend to challenge the authority of either of these books when I cite the following conflicting statements from these two writers.

One of the outsanding adventures in Mata Hari's life occurred when, as a German agent, she offered her services to France. According to Major Coulson, the French trapped Mata Hari in her "double-crossing" by entrusting her with a list of twelve alleged French agents, knowing that if their suspicions were correct, she would hand their names over to the enemy. Eleven of these were fictitious, but the twelfth was a traitor serving both nations. On the strength of Mata Hari's information he was shot by the Germans—to the mutual satisfaction of both nations. Herr Berndorff's version, on the other hand, mentions only *five* spies, four of which had already been detected by the Germans and had saved themselves by transferring allegiance. The fifth was shot, an innocent victim.

From this discrepancy the reader may draw his own conclusions regarding fact or fiction in the genre of spy literature.

People today are inclined to believe that modern warfare has been robbed of its traditional glamour, has been completely impersonalized because of the wholesale destruction which can be wrought by battleships and submarines, gases and shells. But one has only to read these two books to realize that war, even in these days, has its flagrantly romantic melodrama, and that colorful personal history is still made in its shadow.

Unsatisfactory Stendhal

STENDHAL OR THE LIFE OF AN EGOIST. By RUDOLPH KAYSER. Translated from the German by Geoffrey Dunlop. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 1930. $3.

Reviewed by ROBERT VIGNERON
University of Chicago

THE aging French Consul who inscribed his last novel "To the Happy Few" had yearned all his life to be read and known by a few chosen souls: souls passionate with love and enthusiasm for the arts, yet sublime with energy, even to the point of crime. But he never would have suspected that enough such souls could be found in this country to justify the printing of a book about him. They cannot have any passions in New York, he thought, or feel the slighest interest in the secret workings of the human heart; they are too righteous, and their government is too perfectly legal; what use would it be for them to try to know "the sheriff's dominating passion, which, moreover, is invariably to make money by honest means?" Yet, two biographies of him have been published here within a year: Paul Hazard's "Life of Stendhal" and Rudolf Kayser's "Stendhal or the Life of an Egoist."

Mr. Kayser states first that his book is intended as a "biographical novel." As a matter of fact, it is an unfortunate attempt at two different genres: as a novel, it betrays a certain lack of imagination, while as a biography it shows a distinct excess of it.

A man may have been a genius, the wittiest brain and the most sensitive heart of his time: he may have "lived, written and loved" in France, Italy, and Germany, through the most romantic period in European history; he may have seen Lombardy as a young dragoon in Bonaparte's army, watched Moscow burn as an officer on Napoleon's staff, and died of a stroke in Paris, a worn-out Consul of Louis Philippe in the Papal States: the collected facts of his life will never constitute a novel. The narrative will always lack that tempo, that inner progress toward its end, which are so essential to the novel; it will repeat itself, drag or hurry unaccountably, according to the vicissitudes of life itself or the fortunes of research and documentation. Judged by the standards of fiction, it will seem unbalanced and tedious. The life of Stendhal might be taken as an initial inspiration for the tale of an egotist: it could be simplified, harmonized, and recast into a "Jean-Christophe." But it would take a Romain Rolland to do it.

Mr. Kayser, on the other hand, boasts that nothing is advanced or described in his book "which cannot be verified from sources." This statement needs qualification. The compiler—not to mention several inaccuracies and confusions—sometimes distorts the facts to adjust them to his own idea of what his hero should have said or felt, as in the case of Beyle's fiasco with Alexandrine. The would-be novelist sometimes simply invents a scene, which might have taken place, but of which there is no evidence: a device which accounts for the conversation in the course of which Stendhal shows Mérimée the manuscript of "Le Rouge et le Noir," and again, for the melancholy meditations of the old Consul, in company with his dogs, with "Quiet, Lupetto! Lie down, sir!" as a burden. How clever! Unfortunately, there is no excuse for such tricks in a biography. The genre calls for strict honesty. That is the primary condition of that keen enjoyment which the reader takes in perusing the minute records of a passionate heart or a genial mind.

Furthermore, the book is crowded with petty errors. A faint familiarity with Stendhal's life and works would have saved the translator from writing Place *Grenelle* for Place *Grenette*, *Mathilde* for *Métilde*, Mme de *Chastellan* for Mme de *Chasteller*, or from butchering the titles of the "Lettres écrites de Vienne" and the "Promenades dans Rome." The slightest tinge of French and Italian—or even the use of a dictionary—would have kept him from printing *Commerce des Epis*, or *Bâtises de la Couronne*, or *Carbinari*. Any encyclopedia would have told him about *Jacob Burckhardt*, and not *Backhardt*, *Tibullus*, and not *Tiballus*, *Buratti* and not *Baratti*. And what about the attribution of "L'Esprit des Lois" to Helvetius! Even if some of these might be considered as mere misprints, careful proof-reading is after all one of the duties of the publishers to the buying public.

It is only fair to add that Mr. Kayser shows a genuine sympathy for his hero; that many pages in his introduction sound convincing; and that his narrative is often vivid and well informed. But this is not enough to put his "Stendhal" in a class with Hazard's "Life of Stendhal," which has set a unique standard of unquestionable accuracy and delightful humor.

Theatre Guild Plays

METEOR. By S. N. BEHRMAN. New York: Brentano's. 1930. $2.

RED RUST. By V. KIRCHON and A. OUSPENSKY. Adapted by VIRGINIA and FRANK VERNON. The same. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by JANE DRANSFIELD

THE phrase, Theatre Guild play, has passed into common parlance with crisp connotation of intellectual appeal and technical brilliancy. These two new plays of the current season admirably carry on the Guild tradition. Both are intensely interesting. Both are significant. They differ widely, however, in material. "Meteor" is an American character study; "Red Rust" is a Soviet social drama.

With his first two plays, "The Second Man" and "Serena Blandish," Mr. S. N. Behrman established himself as an American playwright capable of excellent work in high comedy. In this, his third play, "Meteor," he enhances his own reputation for skill in character drawing and absorbing dialogue. While neither profound nor richly imaginative in his work, Mr. Behrman is a keen observer, with a tendency, however, toward the unusual and particular rather than to the universal. This new play, for instance, is a study of a supreme egotist, but the "I am God" complex of Raphael Lord is far different from the bourgeois self confidence of George Kelly's "The Show Off." There is a certain spiritual quality about Lord, his belief in himself being founded upon his possession of clairvoyant powers. As drawn in the early parts of the play he is a fascinating, romantic figure, and his final downfall, with his lapse into ruthless and blatant personal egotism, comes almost as a shock. The character, moreover, is not mere invention on the part of the author. The superiority complex, while not exactly common, exists among us today to an astonishing degree, a product, perhaps, of our popular superman metaphysics. To justify his theme, therefore, Mr. Behrman needs no Napoleonic quotation (as on the title page). We first see Lord, "febrile, restless, his mind an incessant gyroscope," as an impatient student in a middle western college, older than most of the students, his past shrouded in mystery. Next we see him, five years later, as a master of finance, a metropolitan multimillionaire. Success has been easy. He has simply followed his clairvoyant leadings. In the reliance upon these powers lie his tragedy and his downfall. When these fail him, however, his egotism comes to his rescue: "This sets me free. Now, for the first time, I'm ready for my destiny." The play is satire in its essence, but not pure satire in development, and consequently is unsatisfactory as a whole in its final reaction. There is a flaw in the psychology which not even the fine acting of Alfred Lunt in the part of Lord can overcome. Nevertheless, "Meteor" is unique and arresting. Sil-Vara, the author of "Caprice," is translating it into German.

In contrast with the individualistic and anti-social American "Meteor" is the Soviet "Red Rust," a vivid cross section of a transitory period, the first important play representing the Communist experiment. Produced two years ago in the Moscow Proletarian Theatre, it was put on here as an experiment by the Theatre Guild Studio. To the astonishment of its sponsors it quickly caught the public interest and ran successfully for several months. It has been adapted by the English Vernons, but of the authors little information can be obtained, beyond the meagre fact that Kirchon is the editor of a Soviet paper, has written several plays, and is a member of the Communist party, for which reason he is entitled to speak out his own mind. "Red Rust" consequently is not propaganda, but illuminating criticism. Things are moving very fast in Russia today, and doubtless "Red Rust" is not entirely up-to-date. Certainly it shows no evidence of the Stalin censorship which demands, as a recent communication of Alexander Nazaroff to the *Saturday Review* states, that in Russia today "in his picturization of life, a writer must abide by Marxist and Leninist views," portraying intellectuals as "miserable, unattractive creatures," and the workmen as "positivist" figures, with romantic love completely blotted out. True, "Red Rust" presents sex in Soviet terms of animalism and comradeship, as in Lisa, but Nina's tragic love for Terekhine is certainly romantic, while Terekhine is a workman portrayed as a brutal bully, who uses the Communist ideals as an excuse for his licentious passions. True, also, there are disgusting intellectuals in this play, such as Pimples, but there are appealing ones, too, as Piotr. How "Red Rust" managed to evade the present censorship and get over here at all is a question, for certainly it probes and questions the success of the Communistic experiment with frank fearlessness, while in the story of Terekhine and Nina it presents basic human instincts against which time and institutions have been futile. In universality and human tenderness, as well as in technique, it links itself with the work of Turgenev and Tchekhov, rather than with up-to-the-minute "red" literature. Its dominant note is not, however, hopelessness, as in the older writers, but flaming youth and immense potent strength. It is provocative, real, alive. After reading this Soviet drama, or seeing it on the stage, one cannot fail to realize the immense vitality and looming power of New Russia.

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R. L. S. in France

THE FRAIL WARRIOR. By JEAN M. CARRÉ. New York. Coward-McCann. 1930. $3.

Reviewed by WILL H. LOW

Author of "A Chronicle of Friendship"

M. JEAN MARIE CARRÉ has written a number of other works, on Goethe, Michelet, and one entitled "Images of America," which presupposes familiarity with our tongue sufficient to give him access to the works of the author whose life he seeks to elucidate. He shows at least complete familiarity with almost all that has been written since Stevenson's death for his "Life" is dangerously near a compilation, one that accepts without question the strange "Stevenson myth" that is due to the industry of the later, conjectural biographers of R. L. S. who have delved in the gutters, apparently seeking to disinter some characteristic (?) vestige of the hero—whom they pretend to celebrate. Henley—who was not a gentleman—ill, disgruntled, jealous of the friend, whom the "Yankees" (the word is Henley's) had chosen to elevate and to reward with their dollars, the friend who had escaped from the monopolistic tyranny that would have forced him to collaborate in plays in which he could feel no interest, Henley had invented the former "Stevenson myth" of the "seraph in chocolate": forgetful of the true portrait he had painted of his friend in his well known verse.

For Stevenson was a gentleman, of the Victorian era, of the nineteenth century, when the term indicated one who would scorn to allow himself to dwell "on sorry matters best unsolved," or display a detective fervor in unveiling a past that might or might not be seamy, but for which in any case the sinner had long made amends.

* * *

Naturally, in a French work, the supposed peccadillos of Stevenson's youth are touched lightly; there is nothing of the lingering delight, the "now-it-may-be-told" attitude adopted by some of the late English and American biographers. With the latitude tolerated in the adherents of any of the liberal professions among his compatriots, the "*péchés mignons*" attributed to R. L. S. must have seemed extremely minor. In like manner, relying for his information on the conjectural authority of these recent biographers, M. Carré assumes as a matter of course that in the eventual romance of Stevenson the union was complete from the first (which we may assume in turn to be "nobody's business"), for in France marriage at least repairs all without any retroactive reproach, once the union is "regularized." For the rest, M. Carré paints the romantic character of R. L. S. with a generous brush, and an appreciative admiration. He lays much too great stress upon Stevenson's feminine appearance, contrasting it with his wife's masculinity. At the time of their meeting at Grez, and for many years after, Mrs. Stevenson was essentially a woman in all her characteristics, appearance, mind, and in her manner above all, conscious of her ability to charm. As for Stevenson, his activity, the complete and graceful command of his body, when not prostrate through illness, made one forget his extreme frailty of appearance which had nothing of femininity. His courage, the reckless desire to rush into the brave face of danger, was perhaps his dominant trait however much he was fettered by physical inability; he was a "he man" in all the better sense of the qualification. In dismissing M. Carré's well-meant, inadequate, but thoroughly admiring biography, which tells us nothing new, the regret may be expressed that some compatriot of his, some Taine of this latter day, if such a man exists, should not write a Life of R. L. S. which would give us a reasoned appreciation of Stevenson as a writer and his ultimate place among English authors. For he owed much of his clarity and his nice distinction of words to French influence, even though he managed in his mastery of style to avoid gallicisms and write in English "pure and undefiled," and in his letters and his talk was always grateful for what France had taught him. A French writer of the first order might well make a close study of this "sedulous ape" as he called himself, who took to heart the arduous and painstaking labor of perfecting his style and learning his craft before he let loose the "long, long thoughts of youth," an unusual virtue among our writers, where to have something to say too often is an excuse for not saying it well, and the example of Guy de Maupassant's seven years of apprenticeship before Flaubert would permit him to publish any of his writings is seldom followed.

We have quite enough of the facts of Stevenson's life, they may even be found in Grahm Balfour's much abused "official" Life, and at greater length and more detail, in Miss Rosaline Marson's later book, without the repetitions, and the fervid con jectures of still later writers. But a work obedient to the standards which Taine observed we have not in English or French, for M. Carré has not essayed an original study of Stevenson's work, nor is he quite of the calibre of his illustrious countryman.

Finally, a very grave defect in M. Carré's book comes from his acquiescent acceptance of all the rumors set afloat by this volunteer-detective school of biographers of R. L. S. It relates to the friendship with Henry James, which Stevenson valued greatly, and that began at Bournemouth in 1884, largely through James's seeking intimacy with the younger man who at the time was soon to describe himself as "an obscure man of letters." He was becomingly flattered by the attention of one whom he modestly esteemed to hold a professional position superior to his own; and he has so professed in both prose and verse. According to the ugly suppositions of one of these late biographers, which M. Carré complaisantly repeats, James became aware in the house of his friend, where he was an almost daily visitor, of a dissension which arose between Stevenson and his wife concerning a story which R. L. S. had written and of which the wife disapproved, with the result

JOHN COWPER POWYS
(*See leading article*)

that the author consigned his work to the flames. Another writer of the nineteenth century has written:

> By the fireside tragedies are acted, in whose scenes appear two actors only; wife and husband; and above them God alone the sole spectator.

Well we may suppose that these Paul Prys of recent date have the advantage of the Deity, for one of these writers tells the story in nauseating detail in a recent work, and M. Carré again repeats it for the uses of his compatriots. This presupposes that Henry James would have been guilty of using a detail which he might have surprised in the house of a friend to elaborate in a story of his own.

Such conduct would not have been considered ethical in the medieval day of the Victorian era, of which Henry James was a bright ornament, and is further disproved by a circumstance which the present writer is able to present. Almost the only volume which he now possesses inscribed by Robert Louis Stevenson, is a copy of the "Author of Beltraffio" by Henry James which R. L. S. admired greatly, and which he himself purchased and presented to the writer, in order that his friend might share his appreciation. The two friends discussed the book then and afterwards, always without a shadow of suspicion on Stevenson's part that James could have so grossly violated the ethics of decent behavior.

Alas, the Poor 'Twenties

(*Continued from first page*)

literature, although that is probable. It does not mean that we are not. It implies neither creative power nor its lack. It is—for the moment—just intellectual discontent. Let the discontented be warned, therefore, not to waste their energies upon dispraising an immediate past which did its job and did it well too, and has set records in one or two literary fields hard to be exceeded. They understand the 'twenties, or they say they do—what was wrong with them, where they failed—and are not all wrong. But the next decade is their responsibility. Something more than talk is required, if the 'thirties are going to be better than the 'twenties in American literature. Just now there is plenty of criticism—but more prizes offered than prognosis of distinguished achievement.

Gilding Audubon

AUDACIOUS AUDUBON. By EDWARD A. MUSCHAMP. New York: Brentano's. 1929. $3.50.

Reviewed by HARRY ESTY DOUNCE

MR. MUSCHAMP had a golden opportunity. How is it, in these years of a biography boom, that no one had thought of Audubon before? Familiar though his name is, as a subject he is unhackneyed; naturalist though he was, as a marketable commodity he has everything to recommend him but scandal. The man himself is as personable a creature as the general reader could ask to meet with. His story not only ranges our wilderness of 1800 to 1845 but shifts to the headquarters of Old World culture, where very few Americans of his time outdid him at cutting an illustrious figure. His career is a romance—whether or not it will do honest duty for the stock ones of faith moving mountains (Mr. Muschamp's conception) and genius overcoming adversity. And if it will not, and the facts do not tally with other traditional conceptions of him—if the great gentleman of the Audubon family portrait was also, in many ways, a great child; if the "American Woodsman" who delighted Europeans was far less like Daniel Boone, whom he knew, than like Cable's grand Creoles; if the discomfiting of adversity as well as the faith was at bottom, and long wholly, his wife's; if his invariably goggled-at genius was really of that minor and debatable order whose contribution is a prodigy of performance but not of innovation; and if as a performance, an "achievement of the Impossible" (Mr. Muschamp again) his chief work, the big "Birds of America," was precedented in everything but size, scope, and brilliancy by Alexander Wilson's work—why, so much the better for a biographer. It makes him the more interesting.

But the reviewer does not mean that Mr. Muschamp had a chance for iconoclasm. The one part of Audubon which is open to debunking is his character, and there it is a question simply of dispelling the "false halo" noted but not, in that regard, disturbed by Dr. Francis Hobart Herrick. No: for purposes of discussion, you can concede every rational point that has been made against the "Woodsman" in any of his capacities—and have left: the best ornithological artist before 1900 (Fuertes appeared in 1896, but was not in full stride till then.) A distinguished if an amateur field naturalist, who covered more ground on this continent than any rival of his early day, and perhaps went wrong no more, in proportion, as a rhapsodist with a weakness for wish-fulfilments, than sedater contemporaries did through accepting hearsay. A writer who as such, despite his naïveté and his quaintnesses, rose repeatedly to literature and miles above the average of what passed for it in the America of his lifetime. And a decidedly estimable and singularly winsome human being, whose foibles group under the head of an unusually innocuous and disarming infantilism; the chief sufferer from it was his wife, and it was all right with her. He was incapable both of anything scrubby (an expression of his own) and of seeing, practically, beyond the immediate hour and its guileless impulse. This myopia cost him his worst troubles. It was likewise a good share of the making of him; it facilitated his going to seek a publisher abroad after failing to find one at home. But even in that instance, audacity is not its right name.

* * *

In fact, except as to his character and the worldly aspect of his achievement, a little measured appreciation is in order now, if any revision is. He cannot be made out more important than he has proved to be; he has ample recognition as an inspirer, and as a godfather of wild-life conversation. But the exaggerated reverence for the man and his genius has not counteracted recent tendencies to underrate the naturalist and patronize the bird painter, while the chastised Buchanan is the only literary critic who comes to mind as having done the writer justice.

At all events, Mr. Muschamp did have a clear field. There was no good life of Audubon for general reading; there were sketches, but the older ones were dust-covered, awestruck rhetoric, and I know of none by an American that is free of a nowadays forbidding idolatry. Otherwise, the "Woodsman's" story had been left in his journals, where it must have been sought principally by those who were already Audubonians. The reason besides *nil nisi bonum*, was the attitude of his family, readily adopted

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by writers to whom his "Birds" had been almost a religious inspiration. Families, of course, expect reverence, but from the policy of this one, the memory of its founder might have been clouded with suspicions of felonies. Its sensitiveness was presumably acquired and inculcated by his wife, his beloved and adoring Lucy Bakewell—whom Mr. Muschamp correctly calls a paragon. She had fallen in love with her "La Forrest" at first meeting; married him after active and unwittingly insulting opposition from his father in France; stuck to him through his series of failures, shifting for herself and their two children—and fighting his battles, no doubt, against her would-be sympathizers; and she made possible, by her blessing and her savings, the belated beginning of his real career. At that stage, she had seen him assailed with intent to discredit by a pair of jealous cranks—which is a temperate characterization of George Ord, Wilson's editor and literary executor, and in the circumstances is no grave wrong to Ord's friend, the vociferous Charles Waterton in England. She may also, since her head was hard and level, have surmised the true nature of the secret of Audubon's birth, about which he himself seems to have entertained fantasies so extravagant as to indicate that it was a vitally tender subject with him. At any rate, she was intensely maternal and protective where he was concerned; and after he died, in 1851, she and her sons would countenance no project of writing a full-length life of him.

But, whatever bars of sentiment were formerly up, they have now been down some time. Mr. Muschamp could go where he pleased. And his research, the essential part of it, was done for him. The data were at a popular biographer's disposal, as they had been since 1917, in Dr. Herrick's "Audubon, the Naturalist," a factual work that is comprehensive throughout—besides embodying its author's discoveries of the truth about Audubon's origin (namely, that he was a love child, born five years later than had always been supposed, and born in Haiti, not Louisiana) and concerning his boyhood and adolescence in France, and his subsequent relations with his kinsfolk. A portrait and narrative for the non-Audubonian this is not; but as a source it is so full that few others should be needed, given Audubon's own writings and some knowledge of his times and his field. Mr. Muschamp, to be sure, has read bushels of others, including social historians—from whom his background-sketching has not derived much noticeable general enrichment—and a lot of scattered eulogies. He does not omit cordial acknowledgements to Dr. Herrick. He would have been well advised to abridge a bibliography that is pretentious on its face and, in literary items, silly—standard authors who are casually quoted being solemnly listed. However, the question is, how good a book has he written?

* * *

It is inevitable to infer that he started somewhat handicapped. Audubon is certainly interesting apart from the details of his professional accomplishment, and no one would expect a popular life of him to run to dissertation on ornithology and its history, or to critical discussion of ornithological art. But inasmuch as his great work was with birds and his fame rests chiefly on his plates of them, and as a number of striking incidents in his career had to do with particular birds and plates, we may reasonably expect an enthusiastic biographer to betray a little knowledge of these matters. If Mr. Muschamp knows American birds at all widely, nothing shows for it, and there is an indication trivial in itself, that he does not. At any rate, he gives us the passionate lover of birds with the birds left out—and he virtually performs a like feat with the eminent bird painter. Ornithological art is a rare specialty. Not every ornithologist, even, knows or cares very much about it. But there are those, Dr. Frank M. Chapman for one, who do; and it has at least two capable living North American practitioners in Major Allan Brooks and Mr. R. Bruce Horsfall. Mr. Muschamp could have found someone to set him right, to make clear to him the definite differences between Audubon's plates, which were the finest of their era and are fascinating today, and artistically worthy of esteem, and the less imaginative and theatrical but infinitely more natural and thus, if only for their purpose, superior paintings of three or four of his successors in this country alone—above all, as authorities on the subject agree, the late Louis Agassiz Fuertes. But apparently Mr. Muschamp did not want to be set right at the expense of a rousing tribute, for, not content with Audubon's pioneer splendor, he calls him "in many respects, the most gifted artist-ornithologist the world has ever seen," adds a page to the effect that, "granted" one hazy reservation after another, Audubon still "stands supreme" and is a genius, and lets it go at that. Then there is Audubon's development as a writer, and not of his native language. In its quiet way, it is one of the prodigious things he did, and it can be gauged by glancing at that early letter to his father which Dr. Herrick presents in facsimile. The reviewer has looked in vain for attention to it in Mr. Muschamp's pages, but has noted a few signs that proficiency in writing is not among his strongest interests.

* * *

After all, his main concern is with the story, and up to a point, his handling of that is acceptable. He has an eye for the significant, his quotations and reflections are put together smoothly with narrative. Unfortunately, either from verdancy or—which seems likelier, in a writer who can be so sensible—with an eye on the market, he is out to over-dramatize Audubon as a kind of indomitable winner against odds, a Hezekish Butterworth hero with an *American Magazine* success attachment. And worse, and inexcusable, are what may be called his keynote speeches. People like Audubon, "if the Fates have decreed it and fortuitous circumstances favor them, achieve the Impossible, and the World—forgetting all that it tried to do to them, acclaims them as Heroes and Geniuses! . . . Yes, John James Audubon, you failed in everything that the World told you that you ought to do. Then . . ." Puerile; also largely untrue. Audubon originally tackled the world with a number of unusual advantages. Thereafter, it was most unusually prepossessed with him, and kind to him. The harshest thing it ever tried to do was to make him pay some backwoods debts. It is not on record as having told him insistently even to support his wife and children; wherein he failed and failed, not because of noble dreams and ambitions, for at the time he had neither, but because he liked birding and drawing better than the routine of backwoods storekeeping—which was not incompatible with them, or with ultimate achievement through them. After ten years of this, his Lucy resolved, as he tells us, that "my genius should prevail"; and then the birding and drawing panned out gloriously, and his industry became as remarkable as even the fairy tales about Mr. Edison's. All this, of course, is well known. It is set forth in full by Mr. Muschamp. Why twist it into a schoolboy's declamation, and tie oneself in knots of absurd special-pleading?

Finally, a word on the title, "Audacious Audubon." The intrinsic infelicity of that verbal combination might be left, no doubt, to shriek for itself, without fear of an outpouring of "Daring Darwin," "Humble Humboldt," "Agassiz's Assegai," etc.—any of which would apply pretty nearly as well to the man concerned. But in mercy it had better be noted that Mr. Muschamp did not think up "audacious." He borrowed it from the oratorical Parke Godwin.

Tragic Greatness

THE STRICKEN DEER: OR THE LIFE OF COWPER. By DAVID CECIL. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. 1930. $5.

Reviewed by CHARLES G. OSGOOD

Princeton University

"COWPER has already been the subject of many books," observes Lord David Cecil in his Preface. And he will doubtless be the subject of a good many more. He is a figure bound to excite perennial interest, and at the present moment well suits the prevailing literary fashion. A man of paradox and mystery, a pathological case, whose relations with women, and men too, were strange, subtle, sometimes anomalous; who was always curiously subject to inferior beings; who by choice lived an eventless life, confined almost within the walls of his own tortured brain; who four times at least climbed to the highest reach of human felicity, only to plunge as oft to the very nadir of mad despair—what topic more inviting to the author who would read a human riddle and jangle sweet bells out of tune?

But alluring as the subject may be, it is likely to betray its literary victim into difficulties, and the chief difficulty seems to be one of proportion. Cowper is a figure of many phases. There is the mad Cowper; the pious and Evangelical Cowper; Cowper the ladies' man; Cowper the helpless dependent; Cowper the sweet, playful, irresistible companion and friend; Cowper the prophet of Nature in her closer and more tranquil intimacies with men. There is, above all, Cowper the poet. Rare is the writer on Cowper who can keep all these phases in due proportion and just value. It is easy to become involved unawares with one or several of these aspects and to neglect the rest. One author waxes indignant at the Reverend John Newton for driving poor Cowper mad with his crude, narrow religion. Nothing is further from the truth. Another dissects and subtilizes Cowper's disordered mental states to the neglect of all else. Another, somewhat nearer the truth, finds in him chiefly an ideal *genius loci,* an animating soul of homes and haunts, like White at Selbourne, or Herrick at Dean Bourne. And so on.

But Cowper was above all a poet—a great poet in his times; and with elements of greatness in him for all time. For this reason and this alone he survives and is written about today. Hence the error of those who become preoccupied with other phases of the man in such a way that they obscure or fail to illustrate his real greatness.

"The letters are the best things that he ever wrote," remarks the author of this book. There may be two opinions about that. Doubtless they are greater among letters than his poetry is in the world's poetry; but poetry is harder to write, and it is Cowper's poetry and not his letters for which the world has remembered him. After all it is the same rare quality of his genius that distinguishes both—genial, fresh, perennial, temperate, the power to eternize transient and unimpressive things. It is a high idyllic power and he shares it with the greatest, with Homer, Vergil, Theocritus, Milton, Goldsmith, Wordsworth. Through it he has glorified the mild and even dull features of the Olney region with the light that never was on sea or land.

* * *

Alas, this genius extraordinary was afflicted with a terrible disease of mind, incurable in his day, and dating, it may be, from an attack of smallpox at the age of fourteen. It occurs and recurs in cycles of approximately ten years throughout his life. And it no whit relieves the sadness of the matter for us to think that some toxic centre, some displacement or deformity—there is mysterious talk of some such disorder—might today be easily recognized and corrected, and the great man be delivered from misery that no one can conceive. However that may be, the true Cowper cannot be realized by dwelling ever upon the symptoms, agonies, perversions, and ravings of his disease, or even upon his shyness, dependence, narrow religious scruples, which were probably only a part of the whole wretched pathological business. As well measure the glories of Sappho by rehearsing her defects of stature and complexion, or Milton's by investigating the nature and cause of his blindness, or Byron's by studying his limp, or Burns's by diagnosis of the chronic disease that took him off at last.

Lord Cecil's book errs less in this way than some, though it is at times prolix in tracing and explaining the details of Cowper's admired disorder. And the final effect is that of a poor, pitiful, helpless, cursed, lovable creature, surrounded by well-meaning friends, some of them useful. This is not the essential Cowper, or the whole of him at any rate.

The book is uneven; it descends in spots to such lapses in usuage as "Where was she to go to?" The proof-reading is negligent, sometimes ludicrous in effect, which may be the fault of the American publisher. Cowper died in April, not November. Careless statement on page 100 unintentionally implies that John Wesley was not a man of very high literary and linguistic culture. He was an Oxford M. A., Greek lecturer, knew six languages, and read Homer to pass the time during his long journeys on horseback. But the book is interesting and readable, and refreshingly keeps clear of the Strachey school. Now and again it rises to a point of high attainment, especially in its brief portraits of Cowper's friends, who usually arrive in the nick of time, and sometimes withdraw with strange convenience when their service is no longer needed. The portrait of the Reverend John Newton, half animal, fiery, domineering, all action and instinct, experienced in every human adventure and degradation, who rose through the love of one good woman and the flame caught from Wesley to be a burning if narrow apostle of "enthusiasm," the inferior and very antinomy of Cowper whom he ruled for years, yet capable of deep tenderness and concern—Lord Cecil's portrait of this man is a masterpiece. So too is that of Hayley—sentimental, kind, ridiculous, with a touch of blind

(*Continued on following page*)

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The BOWLING GREEN

Translations from the Chinese

ETIQUETTE

SEEING some undershirts marked 55c
In a window on Sixth Avenue
The Old Mandarin bought a couple
But discovering later
That they were labelled *Gallant Underwear*
He returned them, saying
These were evidently intended
For a younger man.

GRINDING TEETH

Nothing in the life of Lord Byron
Pleases me so much as the fact that his dentist
Said he was damaging his teeth
By grinding them in his sleep,
And I think how many Literary Critics
Are probably doing the same thing
This very night.

ANALOGUE

Why not, if you feel like it,
Use a preposition
To end a sentence with?
Life ends that way.

CAMELOTS DU ROI

Over the green grass of Central Park
(Broad meadows of reality on which one may not tread)
Came the southern breeze
Heavy with soft threatening magic
Foreboding all the dazzling grievance of Manhattan summer.
Trees, still only sketchy green memoranda
Would soon thicken into the full folio, complete publication.
Blued in pale haze the great heights of 59th Street
Stood like Camelot on the sky—
Dangerous fairylands, bastions of unbelief!
And under those blue citadels, terrifying solids of dominion,
I dreamed the small gray outline
Of an old old city.
She was selvaged by slow clear rivers,
She gave away her eternity in music
Every quarter-hour.
But, in her own perspective, there was a time
When New College bell-tower
Seemed to reach just as near the top
As the pinnacle of Sherry-Netherland.

THOUGHTS FOR ST. STEPHEN

Instead of the Puritans landing on Plymouth Rock
(Said Jo Davidson, the delightful sculptor)
How much pleasanter this country would have been
If Plymouth Rock
Had landed on the Puritans.

CAVE VERBOS

In a great appalling book
Which I am not yet strong enough
To read without flinching
(Few inhale ammonia on purpose)
A bitter uproarious passage
Tells how young Gargantua
Disobeyed all the catchwords.
He sat between two stools,
Struck before the iron was hot,
Put the plough before the oxen,
Scratched where it didn't itch,
Leaped before he looked,
Reckoned without his host,
Looked gift horses in the mouth,
Threw the helm after the hatchet,
Locked the stable door after the steed was stolen,
Thought everything that glittered was gold,
Ate his cake and had it.
I suppose the merciless ironist
Was warning us against the peril
Of using words too easily.
Look out for parsons and doctors when they write books—
And Rabelais was both.

FEMINAE NIHIL

"More anonymity I crave,"
Ejaculated Hygeia Sippers,
The poet of Croton-on-Hudson,
But continued just the same
To send her stuff to editors.

NASAL ATTRITION

P'ur Fish, the Manchu scholiast,
Having attained a momentary prosperous tranquillity
What did he do with it?
He went out hunting more grindstones
To rub his nose against.

MEMORABILIUM

This was the coda
That No sho, the Chinese pronoun-mechanic,
Set down for his ambitions in writing:—
Not to be too solemn
But not too jocose neither;
Never let the reader behind the scenes of composition,
And when in doubt
Go and have some scrambled eggs, Camembert cheese,
Cold spaghetti, gooseberry jam
And anything else you can find in the ice-box.
Remember also
That the reader is just as anxious as you are
That it should be good stuff.

JOLLYING ROGER

I found the President of the Prune Exchange Bank
Strolling about and smoking a pipe
In the lobby of his building.
At first I thought this was some new device
To prevent me from cashing a check
But he greeted me kindly
And seemed quite cheerful.
So collections can't be as slow
As the boblishers pretend
Or else Roger Babson
Is feeling mellow.

ASSESSMENT

A firm intention to write something worth while
Is not enough,
Not nearly enough;
But there is no harm
In having such an intention.
The question is, whose while?
And how much is your while worth?

FLASHLIGHT PICTURE

Yes, said Dove Dulcet, the sub-calibre poet,
I knew a writer
Who began to be decadent
Before he was even mature.
In fact, he added somberly,
I knew him very well indeed.

AHEAD OF THE PROCESSION

And meanwhile
My mind has run on and finished this
Long before my pen.
My mind is already in bed
Reading a detective story.

SYNOPSIS

We are all well-trained in forgetting,
Yes, we are experts. And there's a reason:
The mere act of memory,
Even while we wipe wet laughter from our eyes,
Admits what we prefer to ignore.
Only the tender folly of human beings
Would trifle with memory.
Gods do not remember:
Dissect any deity you please,
His veins circulate nothing but golden Now.

CENTRAL PARK

How obedient they are
(Grinned the gods, or the Police Commissioner)
Such narrow concrete paths
And everybody on them;
Such wide generosities of turf
Being kept off of.

THE TIDE

Higher and higher, brooded the Privy Counsellor,
I see the tide of papers and phone-calls rising,
Letters, appeals, requests, reproaches, . . .
Does anyone reach 40, in this lunatic life,
Without being inundated
By irrelevant details?
I could spend all my time
Just sifting and sorting the mail:
No wonder minds harden in self-defence.
"We haven't much time," whispered Gooseberry Blossom,
And he went out and burned
His whole mass of Unfinished Business.
What a bright clear flame.

THE CANKER WORM

"There has developed in your vicinity"
(Writes to me the Davey Tree Expert Company)
"A bad infestation of the canker worm."
(I wondered how old Dr. Davey
Got to know me so well?)
"These canker worms become very objectionable
As they drop down on their webs
And litter up the place in general.
They are general feeders.
That is, they will eat almost anything."
(Somehow I had a humorous fellow-feeling
For the industrious worms.)
"I have seen them so thick
That they have defoliated privet hedges."
But Dr. Davey's letter
Did not have the result he imagined.
It set me to defoliating
My William Blake—

O Rose, thou art sick!
The invisible worm
That flies in the night,
In the howling storm
Has found out thy bed
Of crimson joy.....

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

SALTIMBANQUE

All round the margin
Of any consignment of print
Is a continuous flicker of readers
Leaping to Conclusions—
Excellent conclusions for them, no doubt,
But not necessarily the author's.

Professor John MacNeill, sometime Minister of Education in the Irish Free State and one of the prime authorities on the early history of Europe, is now lecturing at the University of Chicago. Professor MacNeill was one of the chief leaders of the Sinn Féin movement after the Easter revolution in Dublin, and was for a time in hiding. He had a notable share in the reorganization of the Irish government after the Terror. George Russell (A E) will return to this country in September to give lectures at Yale and elsewhere. *The Irish Statesman* having ended a career which was successful in every way but finance, he will give his time to writing, lecturing, and, it is to be hoped, painting and poetry also.

Tragic Greatness

(*Continued from page* 1026)

nobility in his loving and gratuitous goodness to Cowper—struck off with vigor and kindling humor. Equally vivid and convincing appear Lady Austen, William Bull, the old bore Teedon, Lady Hesketh, and others—all of them portrayals which no writer on Cowper has ever done so well, or will ever do better.

Passing quietly in and out among them all moves the calm, patient, unassertive, inarticulate, not quite clearly discernible figure of her who is blessed among women, Mary Unwin. All is prologue till she enters; and the story ends, when, six years before the death of Cowper, worn out with her quiet ministrations, she suffered a third stroke, and her noble soul withdrew from earth, as it were, into a cloud, while for two more wretched years her weary body lived on in the guise of a shrew. What part Beatrice may have had in the poetry of Dante, or Dorothy Wordsworth in that of her brother, such, we must believe, was the necessity of Mary Unwin to the rare and exquisite quality in his letters and verse which is the essential Cowper.

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A Modern Synthesis II

Man, as the savage first conceived him, man, as the mind of science still affirms, is not the centre of the world he lives in, but merely one of her myriad products, more conscious than the rest and more perplexed. . . . He may cower before it like the savage, study it impartially for what it is, like the man of science; it remains in the end, as in the beginning, something alien and inhuman, often destructive of his hopes. But a third way is open. He may construct, within the world as it is, a pattern of the world as he would have it. This is the way of humanism, in philosophy, in life, and in the arts. —GEOFFREY SCOTT.

THE mistake of every partial philosophy, is that it seeks to make a single element in experience dominate, or interpret, the whole. The New Mechanists, of whom I wrote in the first part of this essay, gave this priority to external events, and to physical science, as an instrument for interpreting and controlling these events. This belief is caricatured a little in the Communist notion that poetry should be tolerated only if it produces or confirms a social revolution; but in one form or another it is widespread, and it is tactics rather than ends that separate the disciplines of Lenin and the disciples of Ford.

It is the merit of the New Humanists that they reject much of what is false and shallow in the creed of the New Mechanists; it is our misfortune that they also neglect many elements that are valuable, and dismiss, in a sweeping condemnation of all that has happened in art and science since Rousseau, a diversity of sound purposes and excellent achievements. Like most doctrines that recoil from a dominant error, the New Humanism carries a part of the error into its own reactions; and for good measure it adds one or two fallacies of its own making.

Perhaps the most important fact about the New Humanism is its very reaction, its assertion of the dignity of the human spirit. The New Humanists oppose, to the blind drift of technology and art and science and literature during the last two centuries, the force of their own convictions. They refuse to bow down to a fact, just because it happens to be an accomplished one, and they insist that the goodness or badness of a piece of literature, a political doctrine, a habit of mind, cannot be determined by whether it is "modern" or "practical" but by whether it supports and fosters fine human ends, or whether it undermines and cripples them. Whereas most of our criticisms of the current order are, like Marx's criticism of Ricardo's economics, formulated in terms provided by that order, the New Humanists take as their standard the independent tradition of thought that comes to us in the sacred writings of the Hindus, in the philosophy of Confucius and Aristotle and Plato, in the poetry of Horace and Virgil and Dante. The New Humanist confronts the New Mechanist with these rational ends, and asks how far they are subserved by our present political and technological scheme, and how far a fine type of personality has been fostered.

But their attack on the New Mechanism is vitiated by their failure to recognize the virtues of their enemy: they speak, for example, as if they themselves had a monopoly in humility—a claim which they make, it is true, in a tone of extreme arrogance—whereas the fact is that the sciences, apart from any practical effects they have achieved, have a positive value in that they have created a working-habit of humility, and have produced a long roster of saintly personalities who have learnt to displace their own wishes and prejudices and biases when they confronted actuality. The co-operative research, the collective testing of ideas, the elimination of idiosyncrasy, the reliance upon determinable measures of weight and number, in short, the whole morale of science has a value which is slowly taking possession of other departments of thought and action: the pervasive impersonality of science has done not a little perhaps to temper the asperities of social intercourse; and as this technique becomes more ingrained, the ethical contribution of science will become more obvious. It is unfortunate that the New Humanist recognizes as ethical only an earlier canon of conduct.

Why should the New Humanists ignore these important contributions of science, and take to themselves the sole credit for upholding these truths? The reason, I think, is that they seek to make out a "case" against the modern world, and particularly against the disintegrating effects of science; and they are conscientiously ignorant of science (Mr. Babbitt has quoted approvingly Socrates' half truth: The trees and the fields can teach me nothing, but men in the city can) out of fear that either their case or their personal vanity might be hurt by acknowledging the genuine achievements in the scientific tradition. Mr. Walter Lippmann has pointed out that modern psychiatry often merely reinforces with additional evidence the ancient empirical precepts of religion and ethics; but the New Humanist is a little chary of being caught in such an alliance. Suspecting, quite rightly, that the scientific principle of continuity may be inimical to his traditional dualism between man and things, which is a fundamental though gratuitous dogma in the New Humanist philosophy, Mr. Babbitt prefers to insulate his beliefs against truths that might upset or modify them.

In his unfriendliness towards contemporary fact, the New Humanist cuts himself off deliberately from the vital forces of our day, preferring the mummy to the embryo and dead lions to live dogs. Like Mechanism, this pseudo-Humanism has no faith in the principle of growth and no understanding of its processes: hence its dogmas malign both our actual life and the possibilities that arise out of it. The New Humanist, impatient to achieve the final stage of growth, its fruition in a mature and competent personality, scorns all the preparatory phases: in his distrust for the erratic experiments of childhood, he puts a premium upon the fixations of senility. In the name of Dante, the New Humanist rejects the long anterior social experiments and efforts that made Dante possible, just as he chooses to forget the actual turmoil and division in the poet's personal life, out of which the magnificent composure of the Divine Comedy was achieved. So, too, in his regard for the decorum of Confucius, he forgets the slow accretion of habits in a stable agricultural society that made it possible for the great master to crystallize by brief example and briefer sentence, the spirit of a whole culture. To assure the final results of growth, namely an ordered pattern of life, the pseudo-Humanist would halt the process itself.

FOR what, indeed, is the New Humanist's preoccupation with the "inner check," the "moral veto," the "will to refrain," if it be not an effort to protect the personality from the risks and mischances that all creatures must run in the course of their development—experiences which, though they may divide and wreck the personality if there is no integrating center capable of absorbing these elements and transforming them, are nevertheless the source of much that is precious, and unobtainable by any other process. The search for strict rules, narrow injunctions, a definite program is in part an effort to evade continuous vigilance and responsibility. This no doubt explains the great hold Mr. Babbitt often has, for a while, over the young, overwhelmed as they frequently are by the crisis of adolescence and incapable of directing their energies towards any durable ends. For the finer spirits who are not content to swallow the superficial values of industrial society, Mr. Babbitt provides a series of patent substitutes. If his disciples do not believe in comfort and mechanical improvement, they can believe in the viciousness of Rousseau and the wickedness of "expansion," and espouse, in contrast, a life of studious and edifying negations. Glib generalizations about romanticism will bolster up their deficiencies of experience and judgment, and a concentration upon a purely individual scheme of salvation will satisfy the narcissism of a still immature personality. The result is not a coherent philosophy of life; but at least it is a stopgap. As a purely temporary protest, paving the way for a more central and capacious philosophy of life, the New Humanism has perhaps its chief justification.

The truth is that the New Humanists believe, like the New Mechanists, in adjustment to an external environment; but in their case it is to the Past, a select part of the past which verbally has embodied certain moral dicta and has projected a stable, decorous society. The New Humanists make a fetich of morality precisely as the New Mechanists make a fetich of the machine; that is to say, they read art, literature, philosophy, social custom in terms almost solely of their ethical significance and their effect upon practical conduct.

But while conduct may be three-fourths of life, ethical standards are only one aspect of conduct. Conduct has also a physiological aspect, an esthetic aspect, a psychological aspect, an economic aspect; and to isolate ethical judgments from these organic relationships to the whole of life, and reduce good conduct, as Mr. Babbitt does, to the application of the moral veto or the inner check is to lose the significance of ethics itself: since if living well were only a matter of restraint and a limitation of "expansiveness" a chronic invalid would be the supreme type of an ethical personality. All the great religions of the past have admitted the close relation between ethical standards and every other aspect of life: not merely have they surrounded the act of worship with the most intoxicating kind of esthetic ritual, but in their emphasis upon physical acts such as washing the body, anointing the head, feasting and fasting, breathing, exercise and the dance, they have recognized the inefficacy of a purely verbal and didactic approach to a higher life. The one instrument that the Sacred Books have been wise enough not to rely upon exclusively is the Sacred Book.

Samuel Butler's sardonic thrust at the Church, that "as an instrument of warfare against vice, or as a tool for making virtue, Christianity is a mere flint implement," holds even more true of the narrow literary tradition that the New Humanism affiliates itself with. This failure necessarily lies in wait for every creed that formulates its ideal without surveying the groundwork in actuality, and that seeks to achieve certain humane ends without attaching these ends to their proper organic sources. Just as the tormented abstentions of an Alexandrian hermit may be further away from true chastity than the physical union of a happy marriage, so every ideal end which ignores the nature of the universe and of man's constitution tends, as Mr. John Dewey has wisely pointed out, to be both meretricious and ineffectual, since it is divorced from the means of realization. The good life is not only good for one's conscience, it is good for art, good for knowledge, good for health, good for fellowship. Almost a generation ago the necessary relations between ethical standards and their underlying conditions of fulfillment were set forth, with great justice and insight, in Mr. George Santayana's masterpiece, "The Life of Reason." It is a little ironic to realize that, merely by his damnable iterativeness, the pseudo-Humanism of Mr. Irving Babbitt should have temporarily displaced the robust and genuine humanism of Mr. Santayana, and that a plaster Laokoon should divert attention from a fifth century marble!

What a truly humane mind seeks, contrary to Mr. Babbitt, are not checks and bridges; for there is no more virtue in negation than in affirmation, in contraction than in expansion, apart from the rational ends that are achieved. Obviously, there is a time to laugh and a time to weep, a time to expand and a time to contract; a time to invoke reason and a time to permit passion its ascendancy; and the essence of morality is to recognize the time and the place and the attitudes that are appropriate to them, not bringing irresponsible hilarity into a busy committee meeting, or the prudence of a good business man into the situation of a drowning child, calling for help. Nor is what we seek a mere elaboration of instrumentalities, as the Mechanist so naively believes: what a truly human life demands are positive channels of effort, useful and dignified tasks, fine and significant actions, and quiet states of beatitude, which by their very pursuit or enjoyment provide, incidentally, such checks and restrictions as may be necessary to their success. It is the pride of getting his train into the station on time that saves the engineer from drunkenness quite as much as company regulations; and every good society begets a multitude of such prides.

In making concrete suggestions towards these tasks, the New Humanists are quite as sterile as the New Mechanists. Whereas the belittled romantics influenced happily a score of activities from the planting of gardens to the writing of histories, restoring his sense of dignity to the degraded machine worker

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by Lewis Mumford

and reawakening cultures which had lain dormant under political tyranny, the New Humanists have merely opposed to the weaknesses and infirmities of our present society a series of anxious negatives—negatives just as impotent to produce new values as the optimistic assent of their Mechanist rivals. In short: the New Humanists are empty. No wonder they are so strong in polemics; for they derive their chief significance from the presence of their enemies.

In laying down the terms for a more sufficient philosophy of life than either the New Humanism or the New Mechanism, two conditions must be observed: one must not, like the latter, ignore vast tracts of existence merely because they cannot be appraised by the quantitative methods devised by the physical sciences; nor must one adopt the curious error of the New Humanists, and seek to abolish every expression of life except that which conforms to our particular dogma. Let us recall Emerson's words: the new philosophy will comprise the skepticisms as well as the faiths of society. The synthesis we seek must be an open one: that is, it must not merely hold the knowledge and belief that is at present available, but it must be capable of keeping a place open for new areas of expression and interest; thus it differs from the synthesis which satisfied St. Thomas Aquinas and Dante, for that was unable to absorb the discoveries as to the nature of the physical world which followed so soon after its formulation.

WHAT then, is our point of departure? We know the world we live in only as the environment of life. That there is an external universe, independent of life and indifferent to it is an assumption of Newtonian physics which is of great practical convenience: but it is an inference, and not an immediate datum, since every such datum demands the existence of an observer; that is, life. The universe as we know it implies not merely the interlinkages of organic life and all the sustaining conditions in the physical world, such as those which Professor Lawrence Henderson has brilliantly demonstrated in "The Fitness of the Environment": it also implies the developments of human history. Our thought itself, our concepts, our grammatic structure, are the products of the multitude of human beings that came before us; and the existence of human society is a much surer fact of experience than the existence of Betelgeuse, or, for that matter, the whole physical universe—all of which is derivative and inferential, since it assumes the existence of human instruments like language, mathematics, measurements.

Instead of beginning with a portentous sterile physical universe, and finally discovering man, with all his aims and values, as a pathetic, ludicrous by-product at the end of it, we begin with the human personality itself. The abstraction of an "independent world" from the ego itself is the result of a long difficult process which begins in the cradle; and while this abstraction is a genuine aid to growth, the present convention of regarding the human personality as merely an insignificant fragment of that world is quite as false as the infant's original hallucination of creating milk or warmth out of the void merely by crying for it. We find ourselves, at the very beginning of our adventure, in a state of complicated interdependences which unite us not merely economically and spiritually with other men and socities, but to remote parts of the world and to physical conditions which were established long before human forms appeared upon the earth. Value and significance are the marks of human society: hence our task is not merely that of maintaining or reproducing the species, but of enlarging the domain of value and significance. Art and science, social custom and ritual, reflection and communication, set the seal of significance upon all the immediate data of consciousness or animal existence. Man is never found in a state of nature, because, even in the most primitive parts of the earth, nature is always, so to say, in a state of man. Man's ability to repeat and modify and pattern valuable experiences is achieved, chiefly, through the aid of symbols; and this is what releases him from the blind habit or even blinder chaos.

Personality—human society—the organic world—the physical universe: as one passes from the first category to the last, the degree of certitude in our knowledge increases because the content itself is more limited and derivative and the number of incalculable factors can be reduced; but at the same time, values are lost, and qualitative standards give place to quantitative ones: we feel our kinship with the animals in the universal acts of eating or mating, but we are a little cold, despite Erasmus Darwin, to the loves of the plants, and cannot speak with any conviction of the affinities of atoms, so attenuated do our feelings and emotions become as we reach the sub-basement of life. Reading upward from the physical world, and applying the statistical methods and techniques to the behavior of more complex organisms, we are determinits: provisionally we can learn much about our own nature as personalities and members of society by regarding ourselves as the products of inexorable causes, closely linked together. Beginning at the top, however, and reading down, we introduce the elements of feeling, choice, personality, into our most abstract accounts of the universe, observe how much our thought owes to such accidents as the fact that we have two hands instead of three and ten fingers instead of twelve, and in general, discover how many qualities we have bestowed upon "reality" by the original and the socially created facts of man's nature. When the external environment has the upper hand, man functions deterministically; there is not much room for free will when one is being swallowed up in an earthquake. When the tissue of social relations is knit firmly together and man is in the ascendant, he functions voluntarily: every aspect of life shows the force of his imagination and his purpose: the pattern of his streets, the plants in his garden, the contour of the landscape, the paintings on his wall, the food on his table, all have an orderly reference to that creative will which brings value and significance into even his most barren or automatic activities.

That we are entirely creatures of the external world, or as the solipsists would have it, entirely the creators of that world is, as Messrs. Geddes and Branford have pointed out, contrary to human experience: the inner and the outer, the subjective and the objective, the world known to personal intuition and that described by science are, rather, aspects of a single experience. In terms of the dead past, all relationships, including human ones, are fixed: the series is completed. Unfortunately, the scientific method has been based upon the use of mechanical movements, like clocks, rather than upon the reaction of living organisms. The first can apparently be satisfactorily described without introducing the notion of "future," potentiality, choice of possibilities, direction; whereas it is in the nature of all organisms to carry, in any given reaction, anticipatory responses and movements which merge with the previous enregistrations of memory, and in turn to alter both the past and the future by the direction taken from moment to moment. A philosophy which takes account only of a "dead" past and a statistical future is incapable of grasping the essential nature of life: in leaving out the ideal element in man's calculations, it leaves out that which distinguishes his behavior from the actions of a planet or a falling stone. The doctrine of emergent evolution, formulated by Mr. Lloyd Morgan, does away with the necessity for positing a dualism here which separates the law of man from the law of thing: one may preserve the continuity necessary for scientific coherence without denying the existence of a new emergent element; which in man is his social heritage.

In our conceptions of Nature and Man and Society and Personality we have now arrived, I think, at a somewhat deeper and richer understanding of the relationships than either the New Mechanism or the New Humanism have any notion of. We do not necessarily renounce the stop watch, the micrometer scale, the balance, the spectroscope, the thermometer; but we no longer ask them to answer questions they are unfitted to solve, and we know, too, that both answers and question will tell us as much about the nature of our own impulses as they do about the world: for we have provided the conceptual framework, the ideology, in which such answers must be given. While we agree, on the other hand, to provide a wider scope for our ideologies, we shall beware of projecting hallucinations or neurotic fantasies back upon the unsatisfactory milieu which produced them: we realize that a superstitious theology, for example, can work as much havoc to the human spirit as the most servile mechanical routine. But the way to safeguard against the perversions of personality is not to depersonalize man or banish his ideologies, advising him to conform to a pattern outside of himself: the proper way is to enrich his personality itself so that man will react creatively upon his materials, and be able to carve fine molds of conduct as well as an apparatus for the regulation of his utilities. The most complete personalities are precisely those that have assimilated the most diverse elements in their cultures and have lived least to themselves. Personality provides not merely our original nucleus of experience: it is also the summit of our social achievement: and the apex of every culture is accordingly neither its technology nor its positive science nor its works of art, but all of these together, and many other parts of the universe besides, as they are concentrated and fulfilled in the highest personality: a Confucius, a Plato, a Dante, a Goethe, an Emerson.

Once the organic nature of human life and experience is granted, a number of false problems are demolished and a number of more significant ones appear. The belief that there is any single end, towards which society should move, such as the abolition of pain or the achievement of universal comfort or the increase of pleasure, becomes untenable: for life involves a multitude of functions, some pleasant, like eating, some burdensome like childbirth, some dangerous like climbing mountains or digging in mines, some relaxing like playing on a sunny beach, and some demanding stern effort, like prolonged research or gathering in the crops before a turn of the weather: again, some matters require social tact, like the entertainment of superficial acquaintances, and others require defiant isolation, like the enunciation of unwelcome truths. Out of all these habits, discoveries, risks, pleasures, pains, the human personality develops: action and knowledge and emotion; ideal purposes and animal impulses, are all equally necessary to it; and a program which erects a single function or end, like pleasure or efficiency or decorum as the real goal of life, is nothing but an impudent denial of the nature of life itself. The real problem of life, both for men and societies, is to keep the organism and the environment, the inner world and the outer, the personality and its creative sources, in the state of tension wherein growth and renewal may continually take place. That balance is always a precarious one; and it was badly upset for the western world by the industrial revolution. It is for us to restore it. An organic attitude towards life can truly be called Humanism; for it will reconcile by its superior comprehension the one-sided philosophies which men have formulated out of a raw and imperfect experience. In our new bed, romanticist and classicist, "Humanist" and Mechanist, naturalist and idealist will lie down happily together; but they must cast off, before they do so, the soiled and tattered philosophical clothes in which they now parade.

Lewis Mumford, author of "Sticks and Stones" and "The Golden Day," two distinguished studies of the conflict between true humanism and the onrush of the industrial revolution in America, published the first part of this "Modern Synthesis" in the Review *of April 12, 1930. In that paper he pointed out the errors of the New Mechanists of the machine age who look upon the personality as a passive factor in civilization and deny that the artis and disciplines which do not produce more goods are of vital importance. This second essay deals with the mistakes of what he calls the pseudo-Humanists, and concludes with his own definition of a true Humanism. This second essay will appear in a book on Humanism edited by Mr. F. Hartley Grattan (Brewer & Warren). The two taken together survey the whole field of what has become an acute and important controversy.*

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

C. G., Honolulu, Hawaii, asks if the "Saga of Burnt Njal" is published either in Norwegian and English on opposite pages or in English alone and if Jean de Bosschére's "The Closed Door" is still available.

THE only English edition of "Burnt Njal" that exists is to be found in the faithful "Everymans" (Dutton) — another instance of the usefulness of this treasury when in time of need. I rather wonder that the resources of this romance have not been more freely exploited by retellers of tales; as far as I recall, and I recall it rather sketchily, the only such retelling is in a volume of northern stories for young readers.

Jean de Bosschére's "The Closed Door" was published (in French and English on opposite pages) by John Lane when this house was also an American one, and has been for some time out of print here. Frederick Warde, who knows a good thing when he sees it, gave me a copy then and told me to hang on to it; this is why I did not have to look up this item.

C. G., by the way, stands for the name of the author of "Kanaka Moon," a volume of poems by Clifford Gessler published by Dodd, Mead, which I wish I had included in the Hawaiian list lately published.

M. P. S., Vevey-La Tour, Switzerland, asks for a thoroughly dependable biographical encyclopedia, perferably as small as possible, "as space is limited when one is about to migrate to Germany," to act as a biographical reference in supplementing the English deficiencies of a foreign education for a family fast growing up.

THE "New Champlin Cyclopedia for Young Folks," published by Holt, has been thoroughly revised, so much so that it is in effect a new publication, and John Denison Champlin's valuable work made more valuable by being brought up to date, with much new material. The first volume to be so reinforced was "Person," which makes what seems to me the best choice for this purpose, being a one-volume work, not too large at that, and though not too complicated for children, by no means too simple for adults. The volume "Places and Events" followed, and one on myths, folklore and literature has just been issued; they cost five dollars a volume, sold seperately if desired, and are fully illustrated.

A collector in New York City owns sixteen unidentified plates engraved and signed by John Leech, presumably between 1850 and 1864; these do not appear in any of the Leech catalogues that he (or I, for I have been trying) have consulted, and it is hoped that someone of this family may recognize the novel or other works that they illustrate.

Mr. Polpetti at Home. Lady Flower, Mr. Page and Patience. Lotty and Totty behave dreadfully. Mr. Wyndham Flitter makes himself at home. Philip's return. Miss Martha Twinch's adventure in the wild animal's cage. Mrs. Wracketts receives her friends. The Boarding house. The Dinner at Long's. Trip's degredation. The Beauchamp Tower. The Legacy unfolded. The first glimpse of the Legacy. After the Duel. The Return from the Races. Old Lady Flokes (?) in great distress. The Reverend Mr. Page receives a visit.

And if anyone else tells me this is out of my jurisdiction, I will reply, as I have already, that anything giving me a good excuse to go through Frith's "John Leech" and as many volumes of the engravings as I can reach, is not going to be out of my jurisdiction while I have my sense of enjoyment.

On May 10 the Hampshire Bookshop observes the hundredth anniversary of Emily Dickinson, and a group of her friends, guests of the Bookshop, are to celebrate with a tea with Madame Bianchi at the Dickinson house at Amherst, supper at the Bookshop, Northampton, Mass., and a public meeting in the High School Hall, at which Madame Bianchi will discuss Emily Dickinson and her family, and MacGregor Jenkins will speak of "Miss Emily" as he remembers her. There will also be an exhibition of manuscripts, letters and portraits. The general public is invited to the meeting and a reception to follow.

A limited edition of "Emily Dickinson: a Bibliography," compiled by Alfred Lette Hampson, will be published by the Hampshire Bookshop to commemorate the centenary of her birth. This I have not seen, but I have been reading the books lately added to Emiliana, of which the centenary has called out several. "Emily Dickinson, Friend and Neighbor," by MacGregor Jenkins (Little) is the most valuable of these, being the report of one who as a child knew the family well and preserves not only a clear image of Miss Emily but a singularly vivid impression of the world in which she moved—outwardly at least—the little world of Amherst, where he was born. The tendency in reading this little book is continually to read it aloud. Miss Lavina too figures here, and that makes for color and snap. On the other hand, I do not care if I read again Josephine Pollitt's "Emily Dickinson, the Human Background of her Poetry" (Harper), for it seems to me precisely the sort of book that might have made the poet herself kaleidoscopic with rage. Its special feature is an attempt to identify the gentleman so tantalizingly flashed before the eyes of the reading public by Madame Bianchi in the preface to "Further Poems, withheld from publication by her sister Lavinia" (Little). If that flash was tantalizing, Miss Pollitt's book is the one for you, though I do not find its guesswork especially convincing. If, like me, you do not care one whoop about the identity of the gentleman and rather resent being made to guess about other people's business; if you further feel that the celebrated seclusion of the poet, like that of Sophia Hawthorne, was rather a feature of the social period (Emily Dickinson's poetry is ultra-modern, but her personality dates like a Godey print) than a literary phenomenon, you will stick to facts and let the fiction go. There is an article by Mabel Loomis Todd in *Harper's Magazine* for March that throws light on "Emily Dickinson's Literary Debut" and incidentally on Miss Lavinia, describing the circumstances of her "triumphant entry into the life of that public which she 'never saw' but to which, nevertheless, she had sent her message." And better than any of them there are the "Complete Poems" with an introduction by Mme. Bianchi (Little) including "The Single Hound," and the "Further Poems" (Little).

J. D. H., (no address) asks if a bibliography of D. H. Lawrence is available.

"A BIBLIOGRAPHY of the Writings of D. H. Lawrence, by Edward D. McDonald, with foreword by D. H. Lawrence," was published by the Centaur Bookshop, Philadelphia in 1925, the sixth of the Centaur Bibliographies. It has blank leaves for future collations, and plenty of space is needed for them after 1925. Before that, "David Herbert Lawrence: a bibliography" was published in the *London Mercury* vol. 4, 1921. There is a chapter on Lawrence in Amy Lowell's "Poetry and Poets" which Houghton and Mifflin have just published.

G. H. M., New York, asks on behalf of a Western school for material to be used in arranging commencement programs.

"COMMENCEMENT," by Gertrude Jones (Barnes), is a little book forming part of a library of extra-curricular activities that may enlighten outsiders on what teachers do with their well-known spare time. The volume on commencement activities is practical, comprehensive and lucid. It should be supplemented by the latest volume of the series called "Our American Holidays" (Dodd, Mead), collections of poems, plays, readings and such matters, to be used in platform exercises on the days celebrated in the school year, the list having now reached thirteen. Robert Haven Schauffler's "Graduation Day" (Dodd) covers every feature of a school commencement, from the preliminary organization of committees and the practical details of field day games, to any amount of literature for reading, acting (two complete plays and a pageant) and reciting.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus of London hope to publish next month "How About Europe? Some Footnotes on East and West," by Norman Douglas, a book which has so far appeared only in a limited edition, printed and published in Florence; and a new edition of C. E. Montague's "A Writer's Notes on His Trade," without the introductory memoir by Mr. H. M. Tomlinson which was included in the limited edition.

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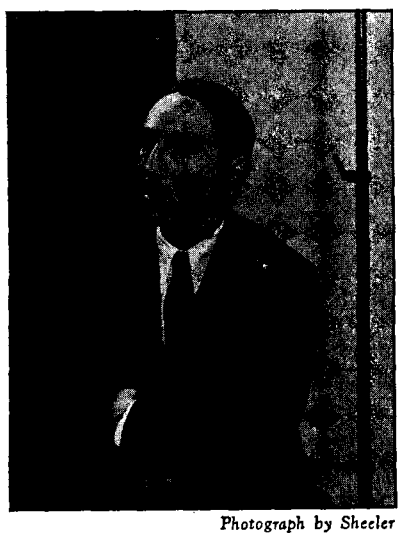
Matthew Josephson

AUTHOR OF

"ZOLA AND HIS TIME"



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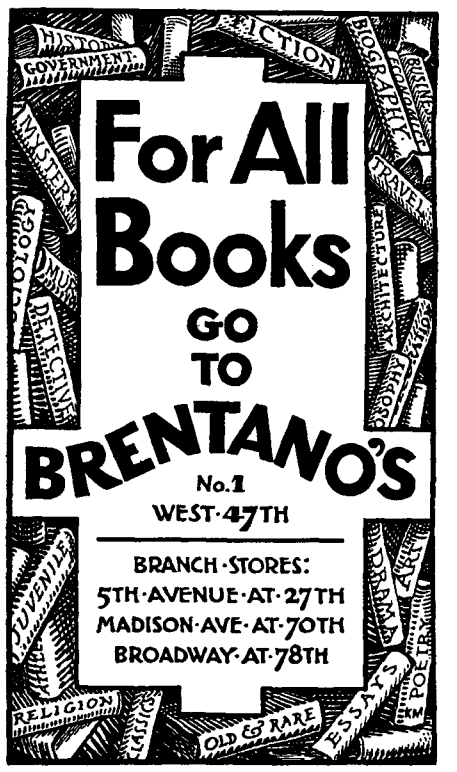

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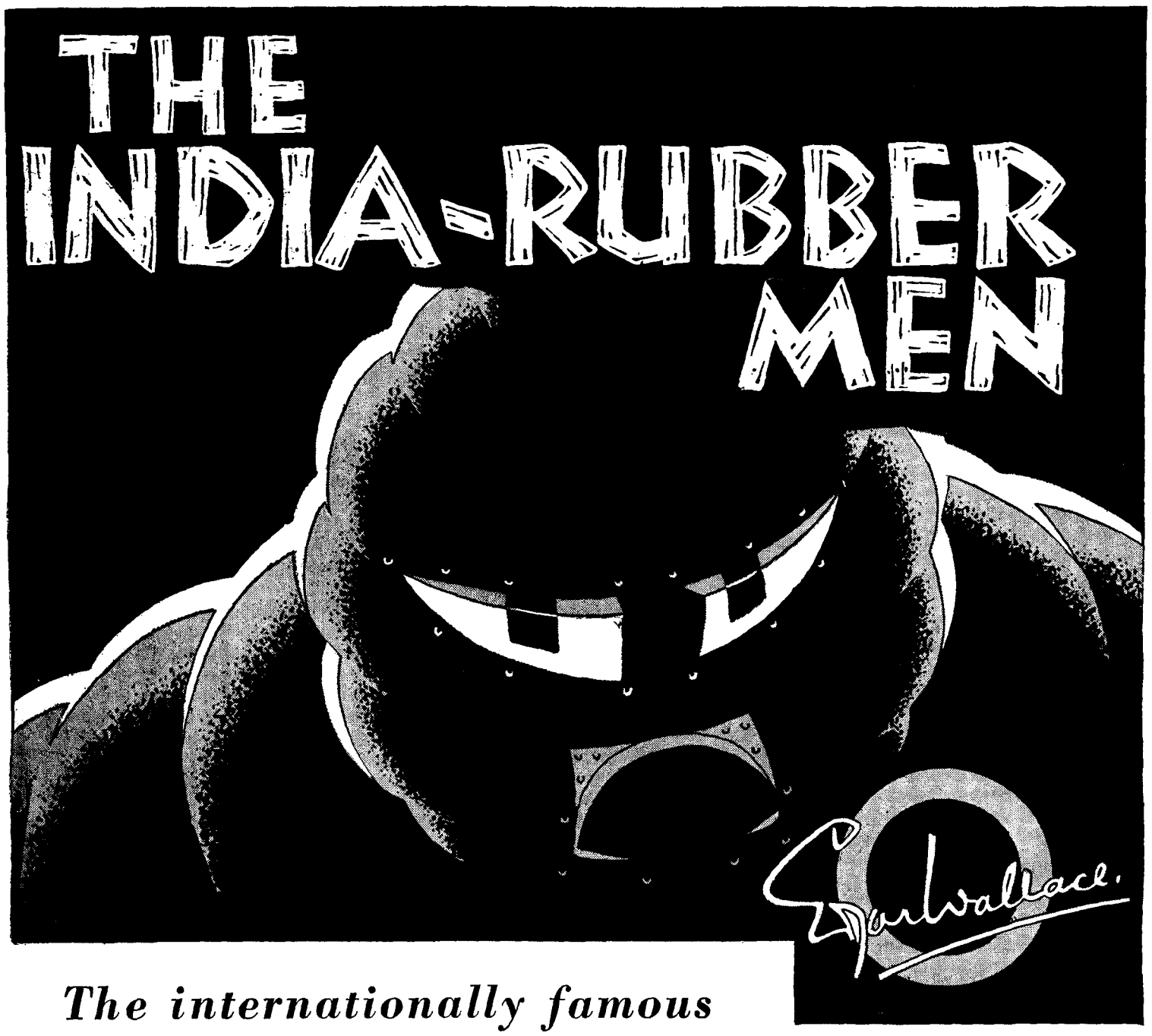

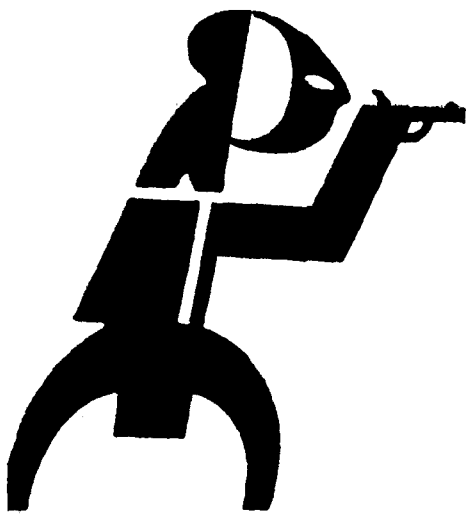

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A Letter From France

By ABEL CHEVALLEY

French Regional Novel

(*Continued*)

THE map below comprises a selection of the *contemporary* writers of the regional novel in France. A few older writers, whose best works are representative of the beginning and end of the nineteenth century, have been included, such as Chateaubriand, Georges Sand, Stendhal, Flaubert, and Taine. It is out of the question for us to attempt a general literary map of France. This would be a considerable task, and, when finished, would be without great interest to the majority because it would be merely a literary history of France presented in a very special form. Even a map of the novel since the Middle Ages would not be to our literary taste to-day, beause it is always surprising to us to find that the novels, as well as the travel narratives, of the ancients lack both the feeling for the picturesque and for nature which are so appreciated in modern literature. The traveller

in France will find his journey enriched by a better understanding of the French mind and spirit if he can read good and interesting books descriptive of French life and customs.

KEY TO REGIONAL MAP:

ALSACE:—Acker, Paul, *Le Soldat Bernard*; Balderme, Fernand, *Contes et Récits Vosgiens*; Bazin, René, *Les Oberlé*; Betz, M., *Rouge et Blanc*; Erckmann-Chatrian, *L'Ami Fritz*; Hansi, *Mon Village*; Hinzelin, Emile, *Contes et Légendes d'Alsace*; Lichtenberger, A., *Juste Lobel, Alsacien*; Variot, J., *La Rose de Roseim.*

ANGOUMOIS:—Tharaud, J., et J., *La Maitresse Servante.*

ARTOIS:—Acrement, Germaine, *La Hutte d'Acajou*; Galzy, Jeanne, *Les Allongés*; Hamp, Pierre, *Le Lin*; Vergniol, Camille, *Domenica.*

AUVERGNE:—Ajalbert, Jean, *En Auvergne*; Barrès, Maurice, *L'Angoisse de Pascal*; Bourget, Paul, *Un Drame dans le Monde*; Leblond, M. et A., *L'Amour sur la Montagne*; Mercier, L., *Les Sœur Valéry*; Pourrat, H., *Gaspard des Montagnes*; Romains, Jules, *Les Copains*; Vallès, Jules, *L'Enfant.*

BÉARN:—Benoit, Pierre, *Mlle de la Ferté*; Bordeau, Charles de, *Terre de Béarn*; Huysmans, J. K., *Les Foules de Lourdes*; Millet, Marcel, *La Touchante Aventure de Segondine*; Lasserre, Pierre, *Le Crime de Biedos.*

BERRY:—Ageorges, Joseph, *Les Contes de Mon Oncle Paterne*; Boulé, Louis, *Maman Claudie*; Des Gachons, Jacques, *La Maison des Dames Renoir*; Lapaire, H., *Le Fardeau*; Sand, Georges, *La Petite Fadette.*

BIGORRE:—Sandy, Isabelle, *Andorra ou les Hommes d'Airain*; Taine, *Voyage aux Pyrénees.*

BOURGOGNE:—Bachelin, H., *Le Village-Bourbonnais*; Cazin, P., *L'Hôtellerie du Bacchus sans Tête*; Estaunié, Ed., *Les Choses Voient*; Guillaumin, Emile, *La Vie d'un Simple-Bourbonnais*; Lecomte, Georges, *Le Mort Saisit le Vif*; Philippe, Charles Louis, *Le Père Perdrix*; Roupnell, Gaston, *Nono.*

BRESSE:—Dufort, Jean, *Sur la Route de Lumière.*

BRETAGNE:—Baumann, Emile, *Le Fer sur l'Enclume*; Champion, Pierre, *François au Calvaire*; Chateaubriand, René de, *René*; Chateaubriant, Alphonse de, *La Brière*; Chevrillon, André, *Un Drame du Bord de la Mer*; Dupoy, Auguste, *Le Chemin de Ronde*; Geniaux, Charles, *La Passion d'Armelle Louavais*; Guegen, Pierre, *Marées de Printemps*; Le Braz, A., *Au Pays des Pardons*; Le Goffic, Ch., *L'Abbesse de Guerande*; Loti, Pierre, *Mon Frère Ives*; Menez, François, *Envouté*; Palut, Guy, *Noël Mens*; Savignon, André, *Les Filles de la Pluie*; Sebillot, *Contes de Terre et de Mer*; Souvestre, Emile, *Scènes de la Chouannerie.*

CHAMPAGNE:—Neveux, Pol, *Douce Enfance de Thierry Seneuses*; Corday, Michel, *Les Frères Jolidan*; Piot, Jean, *Le Village.*

DAUPHINÉ:—Barracand, Leon, *Le Cheval Blanc*; Fauré, G., *L'Amour Sous les Lauriers Roses*; Stendhal, H., *Le Rouge et le Noir.*

FLANDERS:—Bocquet, Leon, *Le Fardeau des Jours*; Lemonnier, Camille, *Vent dans les Moulins*; Malo, Henri, *Le Tendre Amour de Don Luis*; Redier, Antoine, *La Guerre des Femmes.*

FRANCHE-COMTÉ:—Bailly, A., *L'Amour Tue et Sauve*; Bernard, Ch. de, *Gerfaut*; Bertrand, Aloysius, *Gaspard de la Nuit*; Pergaud, Louis, *Le Roman de Miraut*; Ponsot, Georges, *Le Roman de la Rivière.*

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(*Continued on page* 1037)

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Archæology

HEBREWISMS OF WEST AFRICA. By *Joseph J. Williams, S.J.* Dial Press. $7.50.

Art

WOODCUTS AND SOME WORDS. By *Edwin Gordon Craig.* London: J. M. Dent & Sons. 1930. $3.50.

COMPOSITION AND EXPRESSION IN LANDSCAPE PAINTING. By *F. J. Glass.* Lippincott. $6.

Belles Lettres

DECAMERON OF GIOVANNI BOCCACCIO. Newly translated from the Italian by *Frances Wimvar* with an introduction by *Burton Rascoe.* New York: The Limited Edition Club.

Biography

HACKING NEW YORK. By ROBERT HAZARD. New York: Scribner. 1930. $1.75.

The author of these naïve and edifying reminiscences has, for the past decade, been a metropolitan taxi-driver, both as an independent and an employee of companies in local control of the industry. He has compiled a miscellaneous collection of brief episodes, experiences, impressions, representing all phases of his calling, but the bulk of the contents are drawn from anecdotes illustrating the eccentricities of fares and the general hardships of a driver's lot. These short pieces are well told, cryptic, interesting, but when the author interpolates discussions of the License Bureau, strikes, the economic problems of the profession, bosses, graft, and other weighty factors in the business, he waxes slightly dull. Readers who harbor the delusion that taxi-drivers' earnings are as miserable as the men themselves look should be surprised by some of the figures Hazard cites as their clear turnovers—honestly gained or with the aid of the clock. He himself, driving his own Packard hack, with a helper to take the night shift, averaged thirty dollars a day for a full year, but that was an exceptionally profitable year, and he repines that since then the pickings have not been so rich.

ROCKEFELLER. By *William H. Allen.* New York: Institute for Public Service.

THE INVINCIBLE JEW: A Modern Biography of Paul of Tarsus. By *Harford Powel, Jr.* Indianapolis: Bobbs Merrill. $2.50.

THE LATER YEARS OF THOMAS HARDY, 1892-1928. By *Florence Emily Hardy.* Macmillan.

MY STORY: The Autobiography of a Hindu Widow. By *Mrs. Parvati Athavale.* Putnam. $2.50.

MEMOIRS OF THE COMTE DE GRAMONT. By *Anthony Hamilton.* Dutton. 1930. $5.

MEN WHO FOUND OUT. Stories of Great Scientific Discoverers. By *Amaliel Williams-Ellis.* Coward-McCann. $2.

TURENNE, MARSHAL OF FRANCE. By *Gen. Max Weygand.* Houghton Mifflin. $3.50.

Business

FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM. By *Paul M. Warburg.* 2 vols. Macmillan. $15.

Drama

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY, or War Is Hell. Revised and edified by *Christopher Morley.* From an Old Script by *Judson Kilpatrick* and *J. Owen Moore.* Doubleday, Doran. $2.

Fiction

MULBERRY SQUARE. By LIDA LARRIMORE. New York: MacRae-Smith. 1930. $2.

A tenderly sweet and artless concoction in the Temple Bailey manner, this is the love story of two sisters, Celia and Janie, heavily contrasted daughters of a seedy, benevolent physician practising in a small city near Washington. Nineteen, simple, plain, sunny-natured, with a heart of gold, Janie fondly worships the shabby old home in the Square which has housed her people for generations. On the other hand, Celia, pretty and unscrupulous, a sneak and snob, ambitious to improve her lot by marriage, detests the antiquated environment and spares no effort to escape from it forever. When a promising young doctor comes to act as their father's assistant, Celia makes a play for the lad, hooks him, and all but leads him to the altar ere he realizes what a shallow fraud she is and that his true love belongs to Janie. The quaintness and charm of the dilapidated Square and its whimsical inhabitants are not to be commended to readers whose tastes demand subtler fiction than modernized fairy tales.

THE PAINTED MINX. By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS. New York: Appleton. 1930. $2.50.

The setting of Mr. Chambers's latest historical romance is New York during the revolutionary years of the city's occupation by the British army. With few exceptions, the characters are real figures of the time, principally actors and actresses of the Theatre Royal on John Street, famous English and rebel officers, prominent civilians, etc. Marie Guest, the loyalist heroine and narrator of the story, popular ingenue of the Royal, falls in love with the gallant Capt. Hood of Moylan's Continental Dragoons, aids him to escape from the British toils, and encounters him thereafter on divers occasions when his men are operating in the neighborhood of the beleaguered city. She is eyewitness of sanguinary engagements fought by the belligerents, while waiting steadfastly for the dawn of peace and permanent reunion with her lover. The fictional plot is negligible, serving only as the framework upon which is erected a glowing, authentic, spirited picture of the metropolis and its hectic life from 1777 to 1781.

SAINT UDO. By RICHARD L. MASTEN. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1930. $2.50.

This is a story of a dear old monk, rather like the dear old vicar of a minor Victorian novel, who had the misfortune to live in a tepidly imagined town in the vaguely-late-medieval Italy of certain historical romancers. Here the dear old man occupied himself with old manuscripts and pious charities until, dissatisfied with his patron saints, he invented himself a patron nearer to the heart's desire of a Victorian vicar, and, on top of that, got himself mixed up in the melodramatic and violent intrigues that are always going on in these historico-romantic towns. These intrigues obliged him to fake a shrine for his pseudo-eponym and later, in order to straighten out the tangled skein of the story, to undergo a painful demise at the hands of the bloody-minded local tyrant. In an epilogue we learn that, centuries later, the monk and his pious fabrication having got themselves inextricably confused, and their shrine receiving worship and performing miracles, it becomes necessary for skeptical churchmen to urge the canonization of Father Udo in order to regularize the matter. The evolutionary ethics of the moral have often been repeated; the satire on the pages of the "Acta Sanctorum" (if one be intended) is so gentle as not to shock the simplest faith.

It is unfortunate that the advance advertising of this mild and not unpleasant tale has chosen to invoke the names of Anatole France and James Branch Cabell. This is not a book which their admirers will welcome. In vain they will search its pages for pungent irony or unconventional comment, and they can hardly fail to be annoyed by a style which, readable enough in its quieter moments, becomes, in its attempts at eloquence, alarmingly awkward and hollow. And the thousands of unliterary readers who might find in this story an hour's anodyne, are like to be scared off by the sophistication which roars so loud and thunders in the index from the discovery that of such sophistication the text is entirely innocent.

TO THE VALIANT. By NORAH JAMES. New York: William Morrow. 1930. $2.50.

By the motto of Miss James's new book, taken from that shockingly vigorous humorist, Dr. Smollet, the reader is prepared to find that she has turned away from the suicidal Bohemians whose dissipated despair she drew so brilliantly in "Sleeveless Errand." "To the valiant, actions speak alone," she writes on her cover, and tells a story of a poor and brave family in the East End of London. She is surprisingly and admirably at home in both settings.

"To the Valiant" is no more cheerful than "Sleeveless Errand." At the beginning a farm lad and the girl he loves are overcome by irresistible desire, and so forced to marry before they can afford it and move away from the country life they love. From that time on, misfortunes follow them. Yet one cannot comfort one's self, as one sometimes can, by saying that the dice are loaded by the author against the characters; Miss James writes too convincingly, forcing one to the belief that life is like that in Camden Town. But her people are courageous. One of the finest figures is the boy who was blinded as a child by an explosion of fireworks: he is contrasted with the blind he meets at the institute, where he goes to learn basket-weaving, because they have let their blindness differentiate them from the rest of the world, and he has not. Similarly it may be said that his whole family, though miserably poor, never let their poverty separate them; they are always ready to meet any one with perfect self-respect. Their loyalty, affection, and fortitude make them well worth knowing. "Their lives," says Miss James, "made a beautiful design." One must indulge a wish that she had left that unsaid, but, though it is expressed with the only affectation in the book, it is quite true. It is a simple and moving story, quietly and beautifully told.

LADIES' MAN. By *Rupert Hughes.* Harper. $2.

ANTHONY IN THE NUDE. By *Myron Brinig.* Farrar & Rinehart. $2.50.

MURDER BACKSTAIRS. By *Anne Austin.* Macmillan. $2.

OFF THE ARM. By *Don Marquis.* Doubleday, Doran. $2.

THE IMPENDING STORM. By *Somerset de Chaire.* New York: Richard R. Smith, Inc. $1.50.

THREE MAIDENS. By *Eden Phillpotts.* New York: Richard R. Smith, Inc. $2.50.

SOME OTHER BEAUTY. By *I. A. R. Wylie.* Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.

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THE 4TH KING. By *Harry Stephen Keeler.* Dutton. $2.

THE MAN WHO WAS THERE. By *N. A. Temple-Ellis.* Dutton. $2.

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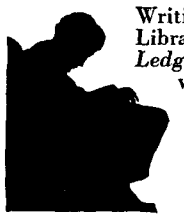

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The Wit's Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 85.—A First Prize of ten dollars and a Second Prize of five dollars are offered for the best Sea Chanties to be sung by the first-class passengers on a modern liner. (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, not later than the morning of May 19.)

COMPETITION No. 81

TWO prizes were offered for the best specimens of what might have happened if Mr. Ring Lardner had written *Romeo and Juliet*. The First Prize is awarded to Homer M. Parsons, and the Second Prize to Arjeh.

THE PRIZE SPECIMENS

I.—By HOMER PARSONS

FIRST PRIZE

Verona, Feb. 14, 1303.
My Dear "Monty"—

Arent you glad I had the "bright idea" of calling you "Monty" because I think "Romeo" isent so hot, dont you. I bet you have about forgotten your little "wifey" by this time but I guess you know I have not forgotten my "Monty." I think of you every day, I honestly do. Poor old dad thinks I have been "pineing" for Tybalt and I dont tell him different but just think about you. He thinks I ought to get married and he picked out a kinda couzen named Paris that he wants I should marry him, but I told him I'd die first but that just made him mad. x x x x x x

I got awful "blue" today when I dident get any Valentine but just some flowers from Paris, they call him a "county." x x x x x x

Well, I must close and don't forget

Your little "wifey,"

JULIET. x x x x

Mantua, February 14, 1303.
Dear Juliet,—

I thought I would be writeing you a line to let you know I arrived here OK without any Miss Haps from the cops. I guess after what I done to that big stiff of a cousin of yrs. if all the cops in Verona was chaseing me I would of made them look like a bunch of Bolognas, haha.

In this burg most of the folks stay inside of their house on acc. of a plaig which is a broad. The only guy with which I have had any words with runs a drugstore and sells drugs among other things like aligater skins and etc. I bought a quart often him which he says is highpower stuff, anyways it comes high enough.

This bozo dident have no Valentines so I half to send you one I made up by myself, it goes, roses are red, vilets are blue, sugar is sweet & so are you and that aint bad for a man to send his wife, haha.

Well, I guess that will be all for this time. Dont take any wooden nickles, haha. x x x x x

Yr. affec. husband,

ROMEO MONTAGUE.

P. S.—A bird from Verona tells me Paris been hanging round. If I catch him I will make him look like he aint a county, not even a twp.—"MONT."

II.—By ARJEH

SECOND PRIZE

I oughta know 'bout it, seein' as how my boss in the drugstore at Verona, Ill., was the apothecary in the case. I remember Joley Capulet like she was yesterday. She was old Cap Capulet's youngest. Manys the time I see her with her nurse—she had her nurse like her old man had his bodyguard. Nexta the Montagues, who he was buckin', the Cap was the biggest figure in the corn-sugar racket in Verona. The day Joley was born was the day the old man begun his term for corruptin' a officer, and nothin' 'd do but he'd tag her for where he was goin'. But that was way back. Most of us had forgot the how of it, and Joley was just Joley.

Romey was the only one of the young Montagues 'at amounted to a hoot. He pitched for a semi-pro outfit in town, called the Car Shops. He was about the best southpaw I see sincet Lefty Williams. The C. T. W. & P. had a rule, employees only, so Romey was a Asst. Timekeeper. He kep' tab on the help playin' pool from two to six, with time out for stud. Aside from him, the Car Shops carried his catcher, Mab Mercutio, who was right hard to handle when he was lit, account he see fairies, Mab's brother, Val, for the hot corner, and Ben Volio, Romey's roomy, at short. Ben wasn't no Honus, but a sweet ball player, at that.

The Car Shops was in the city serious that fall, against the Red Men, best outa seven. The Red Men was mainly Capulets. The star was a sorta Hack Wilson fella played left or center, of the name of Tybalt. He batted the clean-up position.

At the time, Cap was through buckin' the politicians. He was workin' right in with them, fact he was just about all set to pass out the ducats for marryin' Joley off on young Paris, the county prosecutor, who was related to the big fella, Escalus. Cap was just a business man, like the Montagues was, only he was sore not having the inside-track. Corn-sugar is a competitive line.

Prose competitions have rarely been a success on this page. This was worse than most. It is extraordinary that competitors should be able to parody difficult poets like Browning and Shakespeare with relative success and yet bungle over the prose of Mr. Lardner. His subtlety was never once really captured. Perhaps it was my own fault for applying his name to such a tale; yet I cannot feel wholly to blame. At least the prize-winners show that the task was not impossible. They with Ruth Young and Newell Green, made the best of a doubtful business. Everybody concerned owes apologies to Mr. Lardner.

After the award of prizes in Competition No. 85 the Wit's Weekly will be suspended from *The Saturday Review* until the Fall of 1931. It is enough to say, at present, that the Conductor has recently been awarded one of the Guggenheim Foundation fellowships for creative work abroad. He sails for Europe in late May, but will make his farewell to the Wit's in a later issue.

A poem held over from a recent competition is printed below.

RUPERT SMEED

(*In the manner of Mr. E. A. Robinson*)

There wasn't much to say of Rupert Smeed
Before he died, and now that he is dead
The few things that there were we leave unsaid,
Knowing too little (or too much), indeed
To analyze or wonder what decreed
That we should have our cake and leave the bread
To such as he, and mock him while he fed
It gladly to the birds and curbed his need.
But now that he has gone;—we found him there
Last night, too late to nurse the final spark—
Fat wrens and sparrows chirping in the dark—;
We know that we were always unaware
That something in his cryptic muttered words,
If we had caught it, might explain the birds.

KENNETH WHITE.

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Auction Sales Calendar

Charles H. Heartman, Metuchen, N. J. May 10th: Americana. hTe sale includes: Paul Allan's "History of the expedition under . . . Captains Lewis and Clark, to the sources of the Missouri," Philadelphia, 1814; "The Method of practice in the small-pox . . . taken from a manuscript of the late Dr. Nathaniel Williams," Boston, 1752; Joel Barlow's "Prospect of Peace," New Haven, 1788; R. David's "The Hypocritical fast with its design and consequences," Norwich, England, 1781; "Narrative of the life and adventures of Mathew Bunn," seventh edition, revised, Batavia, 1828; "The Charter granted by . . . Charles II to the Governor . . . of Connecticut," New London, 1718; Barbier's "Famous game of Chesse Play," London, 1652; Z. M. Pike's "Exploratory travels through the western territories," original boards, London, 1811; William Leechman's "The Wisdom of God in the Gospel Revelation," Philadelphia, William Bradford, 1759; Bishop Seabury's "Nature and extent of the Apostolical Commission," Aberdeen, 1785, and his "Discourse delivered before the Triennial Convention . . . 12 September, 1792," New York, Hugh Gaine, 1792; Benjamin Franklin's "The Interest of Great Britain considered," Boston, 1760; John Long's "Voyages and travels of an Indian interpreter and trader," London, 1791; William Lithgow's "Totall discourse of the rare adventures . . . of nineteen yeares travayles from Scotland," London, 1633; "Acts . . . passed by the first annual and special sessions of the Legislative Assembly . . . of Utah," G. S. L. Territory, Brigham Young, printer, 1852; "A necessary doctrine . . . for any Christen man," London, 1543; two volumes of 175 pages of the "Minutes of the Supreme Court of the New York Colony," from August 11, 1701, to October 14, 1704, largely in the autograph of William Sharpas, clerk of the court; Daniel C. Sanders's "History of the Indian Wars with the first settlers of the United States," Montpellier, Vermont, 1812; Charles Thompson's "Inquiry into the causes of the alienation of the Delaware and Shawanese Indians from the British interests," London, 1759; "The Monster of monsters: a true narrative," Boston, 1754; the first, fifth, sixth, and seventh "Naratives of the Indian Charity School in Lebanon in Connecticut," by Eleazar Wheelock, 1763-1773; Ralph Waldo Emerson's "The Conduct of Life," Boston, 1860; Oliver Wendell Holmes's "Autocrat of the breakfast table," Boston, 1858; and E. N. Westcott's "David Harum," New York, 1898.

G. M. T.

The Lakeside Press of Chicago has announced the publication, in editions of one thousand copies each, of the following books: Herman Melville's "Moby Dick," illustrated in black and white by Rockwell Kent (3 volumes, $52); Edgar Allan Poe's "Tales," illustrated by W. A. Dwiggins ($15); Richard H. Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast," illustrated by Edward A. Wilson ($20); and Henry D. Thoreau's "Walden," with illustrations by Rudolph Ruzicka ($15). The prospectus, a splendid example of restrained statement and freedom from gushing enthusiasm, explains that the Press "is especially interested in trying to produce definitely illustrated books of American literature by American artists, particularly such books as are read for entertainment. . . . Future publishing activities will be entirely casual, and if another perfect combination of artist and book is not found, nothing more will be produced. [The Press] has no other titles in work at present. . . . If any happy conjunction of artist and book occurs to you, the Press will be grateful for a suggestion." Then, with a kind of disarming intimacy, it concludes, "We are collecting information for a book on definitively illustrated books, both American and foreign. We should like your help, and if you know of any book, which in your mind is definitively illustrated, such as, perhaps, 'Alice in Wonderland' by Tenniel, or 'Huckleberry Finn,' by Kemble, we should like to hear your nomination." Subscriptions can, apparently, be sent immediately to the R. R. Donnelly & Sons Company, 350 East 22nd Street, Chicago.

G. M. T.

A new series, "Bibliographia: Studies in Book History and Book Structure, 1750-1900," edited by Mr. Michael Sadleir, has been announced by Constable & Company, Ltd., of London. The first volume is to be Mr. Sadleir's "The Evolution of Publishers' Binding Styles, 1770-1900," a book from which much may confidently be expected. Constable has in preparation for the same series a "Bibliography of William Beckford of Fonthill," by Guy Chapman; "An Index to the 'Annals,' 1820-1850," by Andrew Boyle; and a volume on Henry Colburn, the publisher, based on his private notes for several years during the period of 1820-1830.

G. M. T.

The current Elkin Mathews catalogue, number 31, has, as its introduction, so admirable note by Mr. P. H. Muir on the subject of "points" in modern first editions —a subject that is increasingly forcing itself upon the attention of American collectors—that, in spite of the fact many readers may already have seen it, it has seemed unfair not to quote it in full.

"POINTS" IN MODERN FIRST EDITIONS

"The technology of bibliography is disconcerting in its ambiguity. The words *impression* and *edition* are so loosely interchanged, that it is difficult to make any clear ruling which will be at once all-inclusive and universally acceptable.

"More heartburning has been occasioned among collectors by the word *issue* and its implication than by any other word in the English language. Chicanery and ignorance have made considerable play with this useful word until, confronted with a new "point" about a modern first edition, one is tempted to abandon the collection of contemporary authors in favor of some more simple pastime like philately or the collection of Jacobean glass.

"In fact, the 'point-snatcher,' from being a harmless lunatic, at whose activities one could afford to smile, has developed into a dangerous nuisance.

"In the past, valuable discoveries have been made about modern books. Mr. T. J. Wise's painstaking research in connection with the bibliography of Joseph Conrad is an example of information which is invaluable to the collector. He discovered, among other things, that there were three binding states of *'Twixt Land and Sea*. In the first binding the title of the last story in the book was given as "Freya of the Secret Isles." The word "Secret" was afterwards stamped over with the correct word, "Seven," and still later the first brass was discarded and a new one, with the correct wording, was substituted for it. Here is an example of a genuine differentiation between copies of the first edition, and of their separation into three issues, with clear evidence of their order of priority.

"An example of another kind is afforded in the case of Mr. H. G. Wells's *The Dream*, where a misstatement of fact, offensive to members of the book-selling trade, had to be removed from a preliminary leaf. The first issue has this leaf as part of the original gathering, the second issue has a cancel leaf with the altered wording, while the third has a new gathering replacing the original.

"Every collector is familiar with countless examples of this kind, which he knows to be genuine and frequently of the greatest importance and interest. There are a number of tiresome people, however, whose knowledge of bibliography is slight, but who, nevertheless, do not hesitate to assume authority for what they call "points." These "points" are, most often, minor variations in the printing or advertisements of books which are either entirely devoid of significance, or else point to a conclusion contrary to that thrust forward by the "discoverer."

"It is not too much to say that a careful search would discover variations in the printing of almost every book that is issued. I would further suggest, as a safe general rule, that where one copy of a book is normal and another shows a slight eccen-

(*Continued on following page*)

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The Compleat Collector

(*Continued from page 1036*)

tricity of type or page numbering, the normal copy, *in the absence of any direct evidence to the contrary*, must be considered the earlier. Modern printing has reached such a fine point of accuracy, and the proof-readers employed by the best printers are such masters of their art, that it is exceedingly difficult for an imperfect form to get to the stage of imposition without its imperfections being noted and corrected. This means that missing words, or letters, and still more, missing punctuations marks or page numbers, are usually the result of some imperfection arising while the sheet is being printed off, and are thus entirely devoid of bibliographical significance.

"Bibliographical problems are always arising in all periods of English literature. Many people think they have discovered the solution, when all that they have actually done is to state the problem. Bibliography is an exact science, and he who would solve its difficulties must approach them sceptically. He will regard every discovery with the utmost suspicion, granting its truth only when convinced by evidence, and his scepticism will be in direct ratio to the glibness with which the 'discovery' is announced." —Percy H. Muir.

A Letter from France

(*Continued from page 1032*)

LIMOUSIN:—Nesmy, Jean, *L'Arc en Ciel*; Sylvestre, Ch., *L'Amour et la Mort de Jean Pradeau.*

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ORLÉANAIS: — Genevoix, M., *Raboliot*; Fournier, Alain, *Le Grand Maulnes*; Huysmans, J. K., *La Cathédrale*; Peguy, Charles, *Notre Jeunesse.*

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PÉRIGORD:—Balde, M. Jean, *La Vigne et la Maison—Prix Femina—Vie Heureuse* 1923; Le Roy, E., *Jacquou le Cro-*

(*Continued on page 1039*)

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A Correction

The Encyclopædia Britannica, Inc., regrets that the article on "Dramatic Criticism" which appears on pages 619 and 620 of Volume 7 of the 14th Edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica was inadvertently attributed in the index of authors to Professor Jules Isaac of the Lycée of Lyons: The author of the article is in fact Mr. Jacob Isaacs, M.A. (Oxon), Lecturer in English Language and Literature in the University of London, King's College.

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The winning opus is entitled *Crucibles—the Lives and Achievements of the Great Chemists* and is now running serially in *the Forum Magazine*, which together with *The Inner Sanctum* sponsored the contest, aided by a Jury of Award and Advisory Council of Specialists that included:

WILL DURANT
EDWIN E. SLOSSON
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Crucibles will be published in June, and at that time this column will be duly adorned with test-tubes and retorts courteous to pay homage to an exciting and yet unimpeachably authoritative story of the world's immortal scientists, gold-seekers and bottle-washers. Here is the romance of secret structures and essences trailed to their final electronic hiding-places, subdued, clarified, and organized to make the modern world of science.

NEWS! Saturday is moving day for *The Inner Sanctum* . . . Monday morning operations begin at 386 Fourth Avenue, New York. . . . FELIX SALTEN, author of *Bambi*, A Life *In the Woods*, is leaving Vienna for his first visit to America. . . . *Bambi* has been translated into fifteen languages, including the Chinese. . . . The new one-volume edition of *Wolf Solent*, by JOHN COWPER POWYS, has just appeared. . . . *The Inner Sanctum's* forthcoming book by DR. HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS, *The Great Astronomers*, will contain the latest news on all planets discovered up to April First, 1930. . . . *Dat Ole Davil McEvoy* will be toastmaster of the Annual Banquet of the American Booksellers Association in New York next month, while on the West Coast JOE COOK and his four unimitable Hawaiians will perform a similar service for the California contingent. . . . Reprinted by Request: *The Inner Sanctum* moves with the same sense of adventure we had six years ago when we instructed a sign-painter to devise SIMON AND SCHUSTER, *Publishers*, on our door, and will be as ready to meet emergencies as we were the following morning when beneath the proud word *Publishers* we found the cryptic interrogation, "*Of what?*"

—ESS ANDESS.

RANKS WITH THE NOBLEST ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY—*Thomas Mann*

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THE PHOENIX NEST

HERE we should have been writing this column, and Heaven knows we have enough to do, and we just dipped into "Grim Youth," by *John Held, Jr.*, and have been dipping right on. "Until the James Runs Dry" is, to our mind, about the best story in it, though the first story of all, "Young Prometheus" paints a true picture. Held is good at the youngsters' dialogue. He has listened in on them with a retentive memory. We wish he'd try a novel about them. . . .

The Institute of Social and Religious Research, New York, has taken over the entire list of its titles published by Doubleday, Doran. Probably the most widely read of the studies of the Institute was "Middletown," published last year by Harcourt, Brace. The Institute will now issue all its publications under its own imprint. . . .

A forthcoming autobiography we can recommend is *Margaret Anderson's* "My Thirty Years War," (Covici, Friede.) It will be illustrated by twenty-four photographs, with numerous letters and personal documents, including a reproduction of two pages of the corrected manuscript of *James Joyce's* "Ulysses." It was over this book that Margaret Anderson fought so valiantly with *John Sumner*, and her interpretation of his philosophy is of especial interest. . . .

In an article on *Richard Le Gallienne* in *The Home Mission College Review* we are told that the poet is descended from a long line of French sailors and was born in Liverpool. At sixteen he was articled to a firm of accountants. He still cherishes some books he won in accountancy examinations. He gives a picture of himself at this early work in "Young Lives" . . . .

We have always wished to see a life of *Thomas Holley Chivers*, the man who claimed to have written the poems that inspired *Poe* to write The Raven. Now *S. Foster Damon* has obliged, and the book has lately been published by Harpers. It embodies the only available collection of Chivers' poetry. . . .

Everybody seems to be collecting *A. E. Coppard* firsts these days, and prices are going high. Coppard MSS. rarely appear on the market,—A. E. must be saving them to present, in purple morocco slip-cases, to the British Museum, as Galsworthy did with his "Forsyte Saga." We quote from *Joseph Leventhal* of The Chocorua Press at 301 West 24th Street. On May first he published Coppard's well-known story "The Higgler" in an edition of thirty-nine copies. Each copy contains, in an envelope which is bound into the book, a sheet of the original manuscript, entirely in Coppard's handwriting. Part of this manuscript was written on the reverse of a typescript of stories from "Adam and Eve and Pinch Me" (one of the rarest Coppard items), which typescript has occasional corrections in Coppard's hand. Orders will be taken for "The Higgler" at the published price of $65 a copy with a thirty-three per-cent discount to the trade. . . .

The Housatonic Bookshop at Salisbury, Litchfield County, Connecticut, will be opened during this summer by *Maurice Firuski*, founder and proprietor of the Dunster House Bookshop until its incorporation in January 1929. The Bookshop will occupy an old house near the convergence of the Under Mountain Road and the Jonathan Trumbull Highway. The Town of Salisbury is rich in historical associations and architectural charm.

The Tory Press of Rutland, Vermont, is interested in two kinds of books; those which are written for a select group and appeal only to a limited circle, and those which may be published to reach a wider audience. Both poetry and prose are equally acceptable for consideration. At this private press in the Green Mountains books are to be produced which will maintain the highest criterion of typographic perfection. The press has been named after *Geofroy Tory*, the famous French typographic artist born about 1480 and "Printer to the King" in 1530. The Press invites writers to send in their MSS. for reading. Address The Editorial Director. . . .

A leaflet has been printed for the Woodberry Society in memoriam *George Edward Woodberry*, born at Beverly, Massachusetts, May 12, 1855, in which place he died on January 2nd of this year. It is a brief but dignified tribute. . . .

We wonder whether we have yet wished *The New Freeman* well. As an admirer of the old Freeman we now do so. The New Freeman will stand for independent thinking and vigorous writing, and has made a good start. *Albert Jay Nock*, despite his determination never to publish another word in any periodical, will be among those present. . . .

With the translation of "Babbitt" into French, *Paul Morand* has compared *Sinclair Lewis* to *Flaubert*. What a name Babbitt is getting to be in America! Just as it had become established in our language as a synonym for a certain type of go-getter, *Professor Irving Babbitt* re-established it to stamp a certain type of modern philosopher. At the moment of writing, when some one says Babbitt, we know that a comment or two is to be forthcoming on the New Humanism. . . .

W. B. Seabrook is established in a place in Toulon which once belonged to *Ford Madox Ford*. There he is writing his book on Africa. On the boat coming home we found *Mrs. Seabrook* who has returned to America for a short while on business connected with her husband's books and her own. She is to write a juvenile about Africa. . . .

McCready Huston and *Margaret Widdemer* both happened to choose "The King of Spain's Daughter" as the title for their new novels, though Mr. Huston's title was announced a few days before Miss Widdemer's. In a pleasant and amicable conference in New York over their mutual taste in titles, Miss Widdemer relinquished the nursery-rhyme name to Mr. Huston and chose another, also from Mother Goose. Her book will be called "All the King's Horses." . . .

Bobbs Merrill is bringing out *Lady Eleanor Smith's* "Red Wagon" in late June. This book was making quite a sensation in England when we were there. It is a novel of circus life. . . .

It is amusing to note the *Hemingway's* "A Farewell to Arms," which caused *Scribner's Magazine* to be banned in Boston, has been included by the America Library Association in the list of forty books sent to the League of Nations as 1929's most notable publications. It has also been included in the 500 books comprising the new White House Library. But Boston oughtn't to read it! . . .

In "Mental Radio" (A. & C. Boni) *Upton Sinclair* has gone off on another tack, and that is a study of telepathy. He sat in one room drawing pictures and his wife, in another was able to tell him pretty well the kind of thing he had drawn. The tests were quite extensive. However, we have always believed that certain people possessed this telepathic power. . . .

It was on the deck of a river boat chugging up the Irrawaddy to Pagan that *Somerset Maugham* started to read the essays of *Hazlitt*. He got absorbed in that particularly rich one "On Going a Journey," and there he came across the phrase that serves as title for his new book "The Gentleman in the Parlour." . . .

On May seventh Cape and Smith gave the first showing of *André Roosevelt's* film and we saw something of a new travel book on the remarkable island of Bali, "The Last Paradise" by *Hickman Powell*. . . .

John Anderson, Dramatic Editor of *The Evening Journal*, has been collaborating with *Stearns Morse*, of Dartmouth, on "The Book of the White Mountains" which Minton, Balch will publish on June 27th. . . .

Burton H. Monroe has been inspired to a lyric cry about all this Humanism that is in the air. He wrote to the *Bowling Green* about it and the B. G. passed it on to us. His letter is too long to quote in full, but here is part of the crescendo:

> Humanism without humanism is the humanism that the modern apostles advocate. If they only knew that the very bulwark of their ship is rotting from humanism. Humanism outdoing humanism. A wonderful institution is this humanism. Modern outdoing modernism. You must be ultra-modern to be modern. You must be pre-human to believe in humanism. Fable, fiction, narrative. They all agree that humanism is not. There is no such thing as fable. There is no true fiction; then why must we have a true humanism that is not true.

THE PHOENICIAN.

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A Letter from France

(*Continued from page* 1037)

quant; Pindray d'Ambelle, Marquise de, *M. de Puy Coubard.*

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POITOU:—Cherau, G., *Champi-Tortu;* Perochon, Ernest, *Nêne.*

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Points of View

Parker Vanamee

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

There is a body of readers in America (shall we say, perhaps, fifty thousand of them out of a population of over a hundred millions?) which really cares for good books; yet it is only too possible, in the current welter of publication, for a good book to appear—and disappear, without finding its way to the very readers who would welcome it and cherish it. Whether or not "Vanamee," Mary Conger Vanamee's biography of her husband, is finding its way to this body of intelligent readers I have no means of knowing; but I do know that any intelligent American reader who fails to discover this book will have lost a memorable experience. Parker Vanamee was a young clergyman who was killed "fighting in France." He was not a famous person, though, had he lived, he might well have become so. You will not anywhere meet a more original, vital, exasperating, and lovable character in literature or in life, and Mrs. Vanamee, out of her understanding affection, has seen him steadily and *whole.* She has done a difficult task not merely well, but incredibly well. There is not, I believe, a faltering or merely sentimental line in the entire true story. In the words of your own reviewer, "Parker Vanamee's life is told with mature objectivity, imagination, force, and courage."

"Man with his burning soul
Has but an hour of breath
To build a ship of truth
In which his soul may sail—
Sail on the sea of death,
For death takes toll
Of beauty, courage, youth,
Of all but truth. . . ."

LEE WILSON DODD.

A History of Baseball

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

I am engaged in the writing of a comprehensive History of Baseball, from the time the game was first played in America, to the present.

I would appreciate it very much if any of your many readers who have information of any sort pertaining to baseball, records of unusual events, brief histories of famous players as far back as 1870 and '80, scores of games in any of the old organized leagues before the modern era, statistics that are assuredly correct, in short, any or all baseball data, would communicate with me at the address below.

Full credit, of course, will be given all who aid in compiling the work, upon publication.

REX WILLIAM WALLACE
Battle Creek, Mich.

True Calvinism

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

In the review of Edwin Muir's *John Knox,* p. 988 of the issue dated April 26th last, the following is said of the "God of Calvin."

. . . mythology knows no other such demon in any saga of savages. To be sure Calvin's cultus did not involve such bloody rites as those demanded by the war-god of the Aztecs, but that life consuming monster glows with a kindly light in comparison with Jehovah whose glory could only be manifested in the predetermined and eternal holocaust of a vast majority of the human race. Calvin's cultus, sacramental theory, and public and private ethics are all perfectly intelligible when, and only when, *this deity has been adequately grasped.* etc.

With this assertion let me ask you to read the following from the first draft of the *Institutes,* considered by many the most comprehensive description of God Calvin has given us.

. . . These, now, are the things which we must keep in mind concerning God. First, we should hold fixed in firm faith that He is infinite wisdom, righteousness, goodness, mercy, truth, power (*virtus*) and life, so that there exists no other wisdom, righteousness, goodness, mercy, truth, power and life (Baruch iii. 31, 35; James 1:16), and wheresoever any of these things is seen, it is from Him (Rev. xvi.1-4, 9). Secondly, that all that is in heaven or on earth has been created for His glory (Ps. cxlviii. 1-14; Dan. iii. 28, 29); and it is justly due to Him that everything, according to its own nature, should serve Him, acknowledge His authority, seek His glory and obediently accept Him as Lord and King (Rev. i.25). Thirdly, that He is Himself a just judge, and will therefore be severely avenged on those who depart from His commandments, and are not in all things subject to His will; who in thought, word and deed have not sought His glory (Ps. lxxix. 10, 18. Rev. ii. 6, 11). In the fourth place that he is merciful and long-suffering, and will receive into His kingdom, the miserable and despised who take refuge in His clemency and trust in His faithfulness, and is ready to spare and forgive those who ask His favor, to succor and help those who seek His aid, and desirous of saving those who put their trust in Him (Is. lv. 3, 6; Ps. xxv. 6, 11, lxxxv. 3-5, 10).

It must be evident to every thoughtful reader that the statement of the reviewer is at variance with the facts. Is it too much to hope that when reviewers light on books that treat of Calvinism, Puritanism, etc., they would give us less myth and more history, more truth and less documentation of private prejudice?

GEORGE JOHNSON
Lincoln University, Pa.

A Whitman Concordance

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

In answer to G. H. P.'s query in *The Saturday Review of Literature,* April 5th, about a concordance to Leaves of Grass, there *is* one, though it is still unpublished. It was made by the late W. H. Trimble of New Zealand and I have the only copy of the typed sheets, in America.

The quotation you give is not to be found in the Concordance so probably Mr. Morley is correct in his belief that it occurs in the *prose.*

HENRY S. SAUNDERS
Toronto, Canada.

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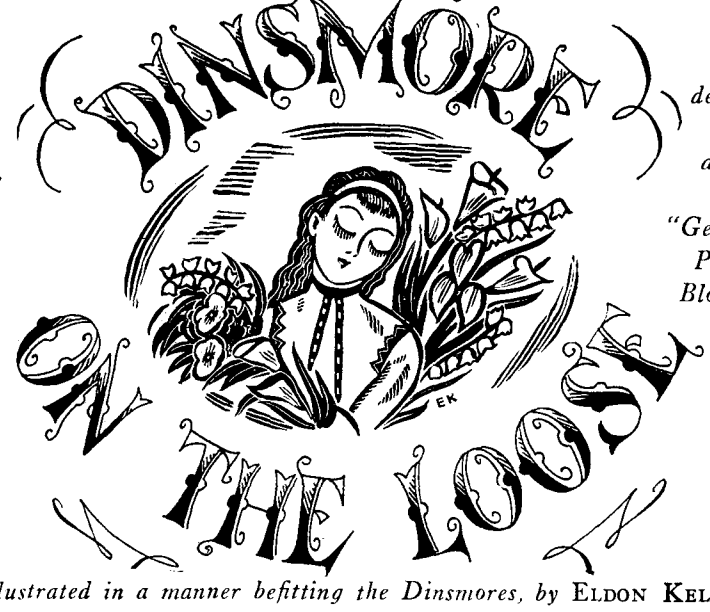

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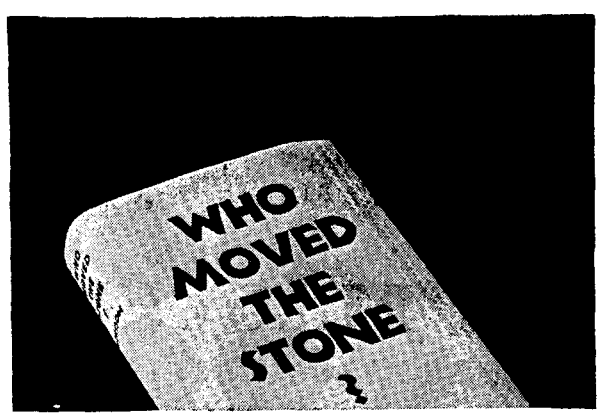

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